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ANNALS

OF THE

Early Settlers' Association

OF

CUYAHOGA COUNTY.

NUMBER XII.

(The closing number of Volume II.)

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO:
THE WILLIAMS PUBLISHING CO.
1891.

THE ANNALS IN VOLUMES.

The first six numbers constitute Vol. I. The six numbers that follow constitute Vol. II. The paging of the second volume accords with this arrangement, and will continue in the subsequent volumes.

N. B.—By mistake, the paging in Number X., from 385 to 408, is repeated in Number XI. Therefore, when in the index reference is made to these pages, in Number XI. such reference will, with the page, state "No. XI."

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1891.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1891.

HON. HARVEY RICE, President.

HON. JOHN HUTCHINS,	} Vice-Presidents.
MRS. J. A. HARRIS,	

HENRY C. HAWKINS, Secretary.

SOLOX BURGESS, Treasurer.

REV. DR. LEWIS BURTON, Chaplain.

H. M. ADDISON, Marshal.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HON. A. J. WILLIAMS,

R. T. LYON,

DARIUS ADAMS,

JOHN H. SARGENT,

W. S. KERRISH,

WILSON S. DODGE,

SOLOX BURGESS.

The Early Settlers' Anniversary.

JULY 22, 1891.

The Early Settlers' Association convened on the twenty-second of July, 1891, at Music Hall, in the city of Cleveland, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. The attendance was unusually large, and the day cool and pleasant. The members of the Association were prompt to time, and met each other with smiles, and with a grasp of the hand, and with expressions of congratulation that were not only exhilarating but electric.

Soon after the appointed hour, the President, Hon. Harvey Rice, and Vice-President Mrs. J. A. Harris, appeared on the platform, Vice-President Hon. John Hutchins being unable to be present. The President called the assemblage to order, when the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates. Music, "The Star Spangled Banner," by the Germania Band, followed.

President Rice then delivered his annual address.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION: Instead of referring to the pioneer life of the Western Reserve on this occasion, I propose to say a few words about the pioneer work of Nature, and give some reasons for pronouncing the glacial theory a fallacy.

The theory of a glacial period, or ice age, has been accepted by many of our modern geologists. But it does not follow that the theory has been verified, or that geologists are infallible in their conclusions.

The glacial theory is a child of the nineteenth century. It was born about the year 1840, at the foot of the Alps. Its godfathers were men of renown in matters of science, who assumed to interpret the language of Nature, as spoken in her ice domains, and to reveal the methods of her work. In a word, they were emulous of making new discoveries in science.

The idea of a glacial period was suggested by the discovery that the glaciers of the Alps are constantly sliding by slow degrees from their sublime heights down into the adjacent valleys, where they melt and deposit what are called "moraines," which are but the *debris* left by melted glaciers. In many instances glaciers carry with them huge rocks or boulders, which they disrupt from the mountains as they descend into the valleys. In connection with rock they often detach and precipitate extensive masses of earth to a lower level, thus changing the natural aspects of the land in the vicinity.

From this state of facts, and the stretch of a vivid imagination, the advocates of the glacial theory infer that there was, at some time in the remote past, a "glacial period" of many thousand years' duration, when the greater part of both the northern and southern hemispheres of the globe was covered with snow and ice from one to eight miles or more in depth, as estimated by glacial rules, and that these immense fields of snow and ice slid inch by inch from the polar regions towards the equator, a distance of about two thousand miles, ploughing their way over the highest mountains and deepest valleys, in spite of the law of gravity and a globular up-grade, and that they, in their course, excavated the basins of most of our great as well as small lakes, rivers and valleys, striated the rocks, transported boulders, distributed the drift or soil which has given to the earth its fertility, and finally expired in the temperate zones, where they melted and marked the spot of their decease with a line of gravestones or "terminal moraines."

This hypothesis seems as incredible as it is inconsistent with the imperative law of gravity, which would hold the glaciers as solidly in place as it holds the Rocky Mountains in place. The glaciers would not only have to slide in opposition to the law of gravity,

but in opposition to a globular upgrade caused by the earth's equatorial axis being twenty-seven miles longer than its polar axis.

How all this could happen, or by what natural law these vast ice fields, covering both the northern and southern hemispheres during the glacial period, were generated, recruited and preserved in their movement for thousands of years, none of the eminent advocates of the glacial theory have condescended to tell us, or to give us any reasons for such an occurrence which are consistent with natural law or logical inference.

We all know that rain and snow are generated by the evaporation of water under the influence of heat. The vapors ascend into a higher and colder region of atmosphere where they condense and fall in the form of rain or snow. The two hemispheric ice fields of the glacial period could not by their own pressure have generated a sufficient degree of heat to produce vapors and at the same time slide in a congealing atmosphere, and thus prolong their existence by the fall of additional rain or snow.

If the glacial period ever existed, as claimed, it existed in violation of all known physical laws. All the waters of the globe are insufficient to have furnished the depths of snow that are said to have enwrapped both the northern and southern hemispheres for thousands of years. It has been carefully estimated that if the globe were reduced to an even round surface and all its waters equally diffused over it, the uniform depth of water would be less than one mile. In the light of this fact the entire waters of the globe, if frozen, when thus diffused, would not equal the depth of snow and ice that existed in the glacial period, which was, as our glacialists say, from one to eight miles thick, or more.

Glacialists cannot assume with any consistency that the sun ever failed to shed his rays on the earth as he now does, nor that the earth ever wandered from her orbit, or reversed her axis; nor can they assume or prove, by astronomical calculation, that the precession of the equinoxes, in the course of twenty-one thousand years, resulted in the production of the glacial era. If there ever were any such irregularities, the earth and sun must have changed their rela-

tions to each other, and all the rivers, lakes and seas, north and south of the equator, must have been frozen to solidity, and, of course, all animal and vegetable life must have perished. Nature has never been known to stultify herself, nor does she work miracles in violation of her own fixed laws.

It seems evident, therefore, that the so-called "glacial period" of the past was nothing more than the glacial period of the present. All the mountains that lift their heads above the snow-line, wherever located, are capped with snow and ice, and consequently generate more or less massive glaciers, which slide sluggishly into the adjoining valleys, where they melt and leave their *debris*, or slide, if located near the ocean, into its waters, where they float in the character of icebergs.

Many of these icebergs are immense in their dimensions as well as formidable in their antagonism. They are, in fact, Nature's ships at sea, engaged in the commerce of the polar regions with the temperate zones. Their keels are spiked with boulders that striate the rocks in the ocean-bed, and pulverize mineral substances into sediments which, when hardened by heat and pressure, constitute the sheets of clay and stratified rocks which are found in ocean-beds; the counterparts of which are also found beneath the drift or soil of the dry land, and in which are imbedded more or less primitive shells and relics of the flora and fauna of different climes.

The general aspects of the earth's crust, whether under water or above water, are much the same. The ocean-beds have their mountains, hills, plains and valleys. In the course of unmeasured time ocean-beds are lifted into the sunlight of continents, and continents sunk into the darkness of ocean-beds. In Nature's calendar there is no recognition of time. She works in the "eternal now," slowly for the most part, but sometimes violently. By an interchange of continents with ocean-beds she recruits impoverished soils and prepares new conditions for the production of a still higher order of plant and animal life, and probably a higher order of man.

The crust of the earth has been estimated to be from ten to fifty miles thick. It is undoubtedly much thinner at some points than at

others. Its interior is believed to be composed of molten minerals, which, when cooled, constitute the earth's crust. This vast interior mass includes, in all probability, more than nine-tenths of the entire material of the globe.

It may be inferred, therefore, that the earth's interior is a billowy sea of molten matter, rolling in majestic fluctuations, or tidal waves, ever beating and breaking against the inside of the earth's crust with a violence that disrupts it, or results at long periods in upheavals and subsidences of continents, throwing both the stratified and conglomerate rocks into strange relations to each other. It is this sublime and irresistible work of Nature which has so distinctly marked in the primitive rocks the succession of the geological ages. There is no reasonable doubt that the igneous and aqueous forces, acting slowly or violently, are the dominant agencies which Nature employs in the execution of her evolutionary work. She could not, if she would, call to her aid a glacial period.

Strange as it may seem, the earth has three oceans—an atmospheric ocean, a surface ocean, and an interior ocean. These three oceans are constantly engaged in working out the same ultimate problem and are governed by the same general law of circulation. They all have their currents and counter-currents. The activities of the atmospheric ocean are generated by heat and cold, at different points. The results are counter-currents of hot and cold winds, rain and snow, thunder and lightning, cloud-bursts and cyclones. The surface ocean has similar activities for similar reasons, resulting in thermal currents, cold currents, tidal waves and waterspouts. The interior ocean gives birth to earthquakes, volcanoes, upheavals and subsidences. It is the sublime and violent work of these several oceans that has given to the earth its present aspects. The one ocean sometimes aids the other in a subordinate capacity. Yet all act in harmony and with a view, seemingly, to produce the same evolutionary results.

It was unquestionably rapid currents of water, or floods in connection with icebergs at sea, that transported both the boulders and the relics of the flora and fauna of different climes from their original

localities and deposited them in foreign localities, where they are now found on the surface, or imbedded in clay or drift, the world over. It was rapid currents of water that polished many of the transported boulders, while some were transported in the rough state in which they fell from their birthplace in the mountains upon the surface of floating icebergs at sea, or were hurled broadcast by volcanic explosion. All this may have occurred in some sections of the earth at one time, and in other sections at another time, and probably did. The changes in the aspects of the earth, thus wrought, are in harmony with Nature's geological record of events.

The fallacy of the glacial theory cannot be better illustrated, perhaps, than by alluding to the views expressed by some of our enthusiastic glacialists in reference to the origin of our Great Northwestern Lakes. They say there was a pre-glacial period in which these lakes did not exist, except as a great river; and that in the subsequent glacial period, or ice age, huge glaciers followed the line of this river, excavated its channel into a series of lake basins and filled up the interspaces with deposits of drift.

But when we take into consideration the extent and depth of these lakes, it seems not only improbable, but impossible that the excavation of their rocky basins was the work of glacial action. If we may accept the report of the United States Survey, the maximum depth of Lake Superior is 1008 feet, Huron 750 feet, Michigan 870 feet, Erie 270 feet and Ontario 500 feet. It is also shown by the same report that they all have a mean height above the level of the sea of 517 feet, and a mean depth below the level of the sea of 271 feet, and that the total area of their surface exceeds the total area of England, Scotland and Wales, while the distance, on a central line, from the head of Lake Superior to the foot of Lake Ontario exceeds twelve hundred miles. If we can believe our Great Lakes were excavated by glacial action, we can with equal reason believe that glaciers excavated the Red sea, or Gulf of Mexico.

The entire region of our Great Lakes has evidently been, at some remote period, subjected to violent disturbances. This fact induces

the supposition that they were originally a range of mountains, and that they suddenly collapsed during an upheaval and subsidence of the entire lake region. This suggestion seems verified by the testimony of the rocks which encircle the lakes. Some of these rocks have a volcanic appearance, while others crop out what belong to the primitive geological series.

It can hardly be doubted that the St. Lawrence river valley and the lake region were included in the same general volcanic disturbance. The rocky channels of both the St. Lawrence and Niagara strengthen the supposition, and what should remove all reasonable doubt is the fact that iron and other metals, the production of volcanic action, are found at various points along the line of these rivers and lakes in connection with relics of the flora and fauna of widely different climes.

On the southern border of Lake Erie, near Cleveland, a Cleveland company, boring for gas, in 1889, struck a bed of solid salt, fifty feet thick or more, at a depth of one thousand feet. This fact, in connection with many others that might be cited, proves that the lake region was at one time submerged beneath the waters of the ocean, and that, at an upheaval, it retained in a valley or basin of the earth's crust a broad sheet of salt water, which, by subsequent heat and pressure, crystallized and became salt.

In fact, it would seem that the entire valley of the Mississippi, from the Alleghenies to the Rocky mountains, must have been submerged and upheaved, probably at the same time with the lake region, if we may judge from the volcanic rocks and mineral deposits which abound in different parts of the valley's broad domains.

In Louisiana, an oil company, in 1886, struck, at the depth of six hundred and fifteen feet, an extensive bed of pure sulphur, twenty feet thick, which was unquestionably deposited by volcanic action in some remote geological age.

We have further proof of volcanic disturbances in the fact that there are three distinct ridges of land bordering on the southerly shore of Lake Erie, which are composed of the same material as the present shore, and which correspond with its angles. These ridges

lie from one to three miles apart, and vary in height above the present level of the lake from eighty to three hundred feet. They were evidently, at some former period, the boundaries of the lake. The lake must have been at one time at least six hundred feet deep, instead of an average depth of seventy feet as at present. These ancient boundaries indicate that the lake was suddenly drained of a share of its waters at three widely different periods. This must have been done by three equally sudden subsidences of the lake and the region southeasterly of it in the direction of the St. Lawrence. It is simply a question of time how soon Niagara Falls will reach Black Rock and drain Lake Erie.

It is not possible that polar glaciers could have excavated the basins of the lakes and left the islands undisturbed where they now are. It cannot be true, therefore, that polar glaciers striated the rocks at Kelley's Island and Sandusky Bay, or at other points on the lake coast. The striations or grooves which are seen in the rocks were probably made by volcanic eruptions in the bed of the lake, which lifted the islands into their present positions. These eruptions would, of course, cause a sudden overflow of the lake, and, if occurring in the winter, would lift vast sheets of ice with the water and carry in rushing currents, ice, sand, gravel and boulders, and thus striate the surface rocks on the islands and along the lake coast.

These striations or grooves ought not to be accepted as proof of a glacial period, for the reason that similar markings or grooves are to be seen on the highest mountains as well as in the valleys to a greater or less extent in every part of the world, and, in all probability, were produced by igneous and aqueous forces, the only instrumentalities which Nature seems to have employed or needed in giving to the earth its present aspects.

We all know that earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in the world. The whole number, as statistics show, exceeds five hundred per annum. Fifty or more have occurred in the lake region and Mississippi Valley within the last half century.

At New Madrid, in 1811, an earthquake sunk several islands in the Mississippi river, lifted and broke the earth's crust into yawning

chasms, created new lakes and set back the current of the river eighteen miles. The shocks continued for several days and changed materially the aspects of that region of the country.

The earthquake at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886, was still more disastrous in its effects. It not only fractured the earth's crust, but destroyed a considerable part of the city and killed a number of citizens. The shocks were repeated for several days and felt throughout nearly all the Southern states. In fact, overwhelming earthquakes may occur at any time when least expected.

Geology, though comparatively a modern science, is based on visible facts which are verified by the constant activities of Nature; while glaciology, though called a science, is based upon an assumption of facts which never existed. The glacial theory is, therefore, nothing but a phantom flitting in the twilight of science.

The grand problem of the creation, however, cannot be solved; nor can the antiquity of man, or the conditions of his origin be traced to any definite geological era. Yet we live in an age of philosophers who seem to think the impossible possible. But when we consider that the universe has neither centre nor circumference, we are lost in the limitless field that lies open to scientific investigation and shrink with a feeling of instinctive awe and reverence from the attempt to explore it. In a field of thought so vast and unlimited, we are lost for the want of a thought broad enough and strong enough to grasp the infinite. The revelations of science, however, assure us that a divine intelligence pervades the universe—the intelligence of a paternal Sovereignty that is crowned with the stars.

The address of Mr. Rice was listened to with great interest, and he was greeted with applause when he had finished. The audience was next amused with music by a banjo club, under the direction of J. G. Liddicote. The club is composed of Julius F. Janes, F. Worthington Butts, Arthur M. Kelley and Richard Bacon, Jr., all of the University School.

REMARKS OF DR. BATES.

MR. PRESIDENT AND EARLY SETTLERS: Really I am not quite certain whether one who made his advent to this planet on the Reserve can be called an early settler or an early unsettler. I fancy that the beginning of things tended about as much to unsettlement as they did to settlement. I believe that your Constitution provides for residence on the Reserve. I do not know whether that means continuous residence or intermittent residence. If it may be sufficiently intermittent, I think I might fairly be called an early settler, a residential settler. If the periods that were spent roaming around in the South trying to conciliate our Southern brethren could be called residence on the Reserve, simply going down there and planting a little reserve seed, then that will serve for Western Reserve residence. If a later period devoted in trying to alleviate, in some degree, the sad condition of the people down at Cincinnati, the most of whom were not born on the Reserve, and bringing a little infusion of Reserve life, if that can be called Reserve residence, why, then, that will tide over that period. If some years spent down about Kenyon College trying to alleviate the sad condition of the central part of the state that is not in the Reserve is Reserve residence, I think that will cover the whole period, and I may consider myself, certainly just as early as I could be, a settler on the Reserve, and just about as well as I could be a continuing citizen on the Reserve.

Then really I am here now. That, I think, need not be questioned. At anyrate we will take it for granted. While I sat here my thoughts ran back to those pioneer times, and to that strength of life that they stood for that may be called, I think, pioneer times—all the times before the railroad era, the times when migration from the East to the Western Reserve meant, not stepping aboard a railroad train and settling one's self in a parlor car, and devoting one's self a little time to the inquiry whether he shall placate the porter by a quarter, or whether anything less than two dollars and a half would be an insult to him, but instead of that it meant rugged

work, it meant a two or three or four weeks' journey by ox cart it may be, or by horse and wagon it may be, or horseback it may be, and meant a great deal more of energy, a great deal more of enterprise than would take to go anywhere across the continent, a great deal more than it would take to go around the world. I believe to-day one can go around the world with less of physical discomfort, with less tear and wear of nervous energy, with less need of a strong basis of moral courage and physical endurance than was needed sixty or seventy years ago to go from New England out in this Western Reserve region. Those of us whose parents came may well stand reverencing the strength and energy of our parents, those of you who came yourselves, if you do not reverence your early selves you will reverence them. Those early settlers were entitled to reverence.

It has been said that for the people of New England a kingdom was sifted that the best seed might be found with which to build up a new nation's life. That seed was planted in New England, and very largely from fruitage of that seed has come that resultant of the still further siftings, that sifted fifty, sixty, or seventy or eighty years ago out of the most energetic life of New England much of the most hopeful, self-sufficing life of New England and brought it out here to plant it here on the Reserve. Good fruit has come from that.

I wish that to a little greater degree than has been the case, the result of that fruit could have been left to do its work. I regret a little, not that there has been some intermingling of other seed—better that there should be—but I do regret a little, and indeed not a little, that there has been so extensive intermingling of other seed, as, by reason of migration, has been brought to our borders. Is it not time that we were using a little care? Is it not time that we were feeling that the largest thought should be a thought not only that takes in the nations that encircle the globe to-day, but a thought that takes in more than one generation. When people talk about any restriction of emigration, when they talk about making haste a little more slowly in regard to inviting all life that is oppressed and down-trodden throughout the world to pour itself in

undenominate volume upon our shores, they are met with the reply, "You must not be selfish; this land you occupy, but this land you do not own. This land intended of God to be a heritage for all his children throughout the world, the home of liberty, the home of humanity." Grant it. Let us assume that is so. Let us assume that this land ought to stand for the largest contribution it can possibly make to humanity and to all humanity. Then that means not merely to the humanity of this generation, but to the humanity of the next generation and the next and the next after that. But is it not fair and proper that we should say to many of the people of Asia and some of the people of Europe, "We cannot take care of you so fast as you are coming. We sympathize with you. We wish that the condition of the very worst among you were better than it is; but for your children and your children's children, if not for yourselves, it is of unutterable importance that the experiment of government of the people for the people and by the people should be made a glorious success here on this Western Continent. [Applause.] There may come in such tides of emigration as will imperil that success, and for your children's children, and for our children's children that shall be blessed to us." I trust that we try to guard against that peril. [Applause.]

Some years ago in the University of Illinois they tried the experiment of government by the students. The Faculty adopted a system under which, whenever the students would construct a court and that court would take charge of any case of discipline, the Faculty would leave the issue entirely with that court to settle. The last we knew about it, it was working fairly well. The young men were regulating themselves fairly well. It was not the perfect success that some had dreamed that it would be, nor was it the sad failure that some had feared that it would be. Under favorable conditions it was able, perhaps, to hold its own and a little more than its own. Now, supposing they had received a notice from two thousand of the wildest young men of Chicago, fast young men or young hoodlums in Chicago, who should say, "We have heard of government of young men by themselves. We want to go down

there and share it with them, and we are coming two thousand strong." Would it not be common sense and prudence for the Faculty to say, "We cannot go quite so fast as that. We are weighted just about as much as we can afford to be under present conditions, but if you make those conditions a great deal less favorable than they are now you will swamp the whole affair. You must wait. We must make a success of this. We must have some care in regard to the conditions under which we try it." There would be nothing narrow about that. That would be simply common sense and prudence. So we have a right to say to the people of the world, the people of China, the people of Korea—[applause]—the people of northern, of western, of eastern or southern Europe, or any other people outside of us, "We are here and you are not here. That lays upon us a measure of responsibility for dealing with this problem that has not been laid upon you. We believe that we are making a success of it. We believe our children, and our children's children, if they have fair conditions, will make a glorious success that will not only avail for them, but will avail for the workingmen throughout the world, and will help your children and your children's children; but in order that we may have a fair assurance of that, we must be allowed for some years to come to carry on the problem under as favorable conditions as we can secure, and it will too much disturb these conditions if we allow the flood tides of your lowest life to pour upon our shores at every port." [Applause.]

I believe there is no problem to-day pressing upon the American people that demands more careful consideration, that demands more earnest thought, than this very problem. If you were to ask me how I can reconcile this position with that broad philanthropy that man ought to desire to have, with that sympathy and that humanity circling the earth that man ought to desire to have, I answer simply by being a little broader than that, and taking not merely decades but ages into my sympathy, and having care, not merely for the low condition of life throughout the world to-day, but having a care for that life here and throughout the world for to-day and to-morrow, and the onstretching to-morrows of the genera-

tions to come. Hardly anywhere on the continent can be found a life that stands more truly as representative of that capacity for a self-government—whose ancestry in old England, or in the North Lands, or among the Huguenots in France, or in Germany, were learning the problem of self-government—hardly anywhere on earth can truer representatives of that class be found than among the early settlers on the Western Reserve. [Applause.] They stand for trained power in self-government that was equal to the first emergency of establishing our nation, equal to the later emergency of consolidating it into a glorious union of the thirteen States, equally so far as they were called upon to act, and they were called upon and had glorious part in the act of still further preserving and establishing that union in the great civil struggle through which we passed.

Now there is another struggle, and that is the struggle of trying to see to it that the best of life here shall have enough of capacity for self-control, enough of capacity for trusting one another, enough of intelligence to see the right process by which to secure the best ends and make of this great government of the people, for the people and by the people, a glorious success here, and if a glorious and enduring success here, its influence will be world-wide, and the remotest bounds of earth and of time shall feel the influence of that uplifting. [Applause.]

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

TO THE EARLY SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF CUYAHOGA COUNTY:

It becomes the sorrowful duty of your Executive Committee to announce officially that on the nineteenth day of November last, the beloved and efficient Secretary of the Association, Thomas Jones, Jr., was suddenly taken from among the living.

At a meeting of citizens held November 19, 1879, at the Probate Court Room, called to organize the "Early Settlers' Association of Cuyahoga County," Mr. Jones was made a member of the Executive

Committee. That meeting adjourned to January 12, 1880, when he was elected Secretary of the Association, which office he held, by annual re-election, to the time of his death. He proved an efficient and genial officer, always taking a deep and active interest in the affairs and success of the Association.

In the month of December last, the Executive Committee, in compliance with the requirements of the constitution, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Jones, Mr. H. C. Hawkins. His eminent fitness for the position made him the ready and unanimous choice of the Committee, whose action in this regard, it trusts, will to-day be confirmed by the Association, in the election of Mr. Hawkins as Secretary for the ensuing year.

The following list embraces all the deaths of members since the last annual meeting, that have come to the knowledge of the committee: Thomas Banton, John Beanston, Mrs. L. Emma Beers, L. F. Beers, John Beverlin, Mrs. Elijah Bingham, John F. Borges, Catherine Burgess, George P. Burwell, William Cannell, Mrs. Aaron Clarke, David W. Cross, L. W. Curtiss, Mrs. Cynthia Davis, Lewis Dibble, Fred. Diebolt, Seth C. Doan, Rudolphus Edwards, John A. Foote, John S. Harbeck, Charles A. Hills, Mrs. Mary Hills, N. C. Hills, Samuel W. House, Mrs. Eliza Hughes, Thomas Jones, Jr., Horace Kelley, Mrs. Edward Lewis, Isham A. Morgan, Mrs. Caroline H. Norton, Thomas S. Paddock, Mrs. James Pannell, Mrs. Mary E. Pease, Mrs. Loretta J. Pier, Mrs. A. S. Sanford, Mrs. Julia A. Selden, Dr. Elisha Sterling, Wendell Wackerman, Jacob Weidenkopf.

This list of thirty-nine deaths, though large, is probably incomplete. In order, therefore, that it may be made full when published in the "Annals," it is hoped that omissions will be reported as soon as practicable to the President or to the Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Since our last meeting forty-three additions have been made to our membership, twenty-nine of which were inserted in the list published in the "Annals" of 1890. The total number of members of the Association from its organization to the present time is 907.

Of this number 272 have passed away, leaving the present living membership 635, not taking into account deaths that have not yet been reported.

For full information as to the financial condition of the Association, attention is called to the report of the Treasurer; and that it may not become embarrassed in its finances, the Committee respectfully refers to the 1st Article of the Constitution. That article shows the only source of revenue, save the small sum received from the sale of lunch tickets to visitors.

Respectfully submitted,

A. J. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

REPORT OF SOLON BURGESS, TREASURER OF THE EARLY SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

1890.

July 22.	Cash on hand	\$108 14
	Received from old members.....	345 00
	Received from new members.....	44 00
	Received for lunches.....	10 00
	Received from sale Annals	75
		<hr/> \$507 89

EXPENSES.

July 25.	Paid John Messer, music	\$ 15 00
Aug. 2.	Paid H. D. Miller, Music Hall	40 00
Aug. 30.	Paid H. M. Brainard, use piano.....	5 00
Sept. 22.	Paid Harvey Rice, incidental expenses	16 25
Oct. 3.	Paid H. M. Addison, collecting dues.....	36 25
Oct. 14.	Paid printing Annals.....	144 80
Nov. 21.	Paid Heyse & Weisgerber, lunches.....	120 00
		<hr/> \$377 30

July 22, 1891.	Balance on hand.....	\$130 59
	All of which is respectfully submitted,	

SOLON BURGESS, Treasurer.

The Treasurer's report was accepted and approved.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

On motion, the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, Hon. Harvey Rice; Vice-Presidents, Hon. John Hutchins and Mrs. J. A. Harris; Secretary, H. C. Hawkins; Treasurer, Solon Burgess; Chaplain, Rev. Lewis Burton, D.D.; Marshal, H. M. Addison; Executive Committee, Hon. A. J. Williams, R. T. Lyon, Darius Adams, John H. Sargent, W. S. Kerruish, Wilson S. Dodge and Solon Burgess. Hon. Marvin Kent of Portage County and Rev. J. H. Jones of Mt. Union were elected as honorary members. The pioneers then adjourned for lunch, which was served at the Hollenden.

Three hundred and fifteen of the old settlers sat down to lunch at the Hollenden. The lunch was thoroughly enjoyed, and it was 2:30 o'clock when President Rice called the afternoon session to order. He announced the Arion Quartet, who sang the appropriate song, "The Good Old Days," in an admirable manner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

I will now introduce, said President Rice, the next speaker, Rev. Dr. Pierce of Berea, a gentleman who is widely known for his learning and talents, who will make a few remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Pierce made the following remarks:

I am not an old settler, nor am I the son of an old settler, consequently I feel a little out of place here. I am here because of receiving a very courteous and urgent request from your honored president to attend your anniversary and take some little part in the exercises. Since I received that invitation I have been called to pass through very deep waters—waters that well nigh overwhelmed me; waters of affliction only—and I am in no condition to make a speech. I shall detain you with a few instances only connected with

the life and labors of the first missionary on the Western Reserve. I hold in my hand a copy of the memoirs of that missionary. It is a rare book. There were printed but a very limited number for the satisfaction of his children and immediate friends, and it has long since passed out of print. It was printed in 1851, under the supervision of Professor Day of Hudson. There can be no question of its authenticity. We are getting so far removed from those early days that it is eminently proper, it seems to me, to call up the memory of those who were active in settling the Reserve and establishing schools and churches upon the Reserve. This missionary was born in Massachusetts in 1757. He served in the Revolutionary army for nearly three years, an account of which we find in his memoir. At the end of his service he received between two and three hundred dollars in Continental money for his nearly three years' service in the army. He tells us that he could not buy cloth enough with that money to make himself a decent coat. He was a man of unquestioned integrity and great perseverance and an almost universal genius, just such as a new country demands.

We have instances of the mechanical skill of this missionary. The first that occurs to me was while he was in the army. They were put to it for dishes. They had to use bark for dishes. The colonel of the regiment said one day he wished there was some one that could turn them some wooden dishes. Mr. Badger said to him: "If you provide the tools I will turn them." The tools were provided and he did turn them. Whether he had ever served an apprenticeship he does not say, but if he served an apprenticeship for all the different mechanical work in which he was engaged during his career as a missionary, he spent a good many years at it.

After the Revolutionary war, he had an opportunity of engaging in work as a weaver, and he tells us that he wove 1600 yards of plain cloth in about six months, and in that way, with some other mechanical labor, he was able to clothe himself.

He then prepared himself for college by teaching; went to Yale college, graduated in 1785. He then studied theology under the direction of a clergyman, as was the custom in those days, and was

ordained and settled in Massachusetts, where he remained between thirteen and fourteen years. Then he was appointed by the Connecticut Missionary society as a missionary to the Western Reserve.

Leaving his family, he started on horseback for the New Connecticut, as it was called, coming through what is called the southern route over the Alleghenies, reaching Youngstown and preaching there on the last Sabbath of 1800. Then, during 1801, he visited all the settlements on the Reserve east of the Cuyahoga and made a tour up to near Detroit to visit a celebrated Indian. There were no railroads in those days; there were no plank roads, and worse than that, there were no roads at all, scarcely. They had to travel by blazing trees, fording streams or crossing in a canoe and swimming his horse across and lying out nights. One night he was treed by a bear and spent the night in the top of a beech tree. He tied himself there with an old bandana handkerchief, so that if he did get into a doze he would not fall. The bear watched him all night; didn't leave until the early morning. Think of the circumstances under which religion was introduced upon the Western Reserve, the amount of labor required, the sufferings and privations endured! The memory of that man ought to be kept fresh, and it seems to me that our Presbyterian and Congregational friends cannot afford to let that memory pass away. The best account you can get of his labors, outside of this memoir, is in a work by your honored president, Mr. Rice, entitled, "Nature and Culture." He will pardon me for referring to it. Mr. Rice has issued a new edition which contains a very accurate account of the labors of Joseph Badger. There are possibly one or two mistakes in it, and possibly not. That work ought to be spread broadcast over the Western Reserve. In 1805 Joseph Badger dissolved his connection with the Connecticut society and from that time labored under the direction of a missionary society with headquarters at Pittsburgh. They appointed him a missionary to the Wyandotte Indians, and he entered at once upon his labors. He also had an opportunity there for the exhibition of his mechanical genius. In 1802 he went back for his family, wife and six children, and started from Massachusetts the latter part of

February with horses hitched to a wagon. When he got into the State of New York there came a heavy snow and he was compelled to put his wagon onto runners, and moved on in that way as far as circumstances would warrant and then took his wheels again. Between Ferris and East Bloomfield he broke one of his fore axletrees; that he had to splice, and did it himself. He went on and accomplished the journey and reached Buffalo and crossed through Buffalo over the Buffalo creek. The main part of Buffalo at that time lay on the other side of the creek. Crossed over in a little tottering canoe. Then they got the horses aboard the boat and they got a little restless and were landed in the creek and had to swim ashore; but they got across. That was said to be the first team that ever crossed from Buffalo to the sand-bar on the west side, and that was unquestionably the first wagon team that ever came through from Buffalo to the Western Reserve. He packed a good many of his goods at Buffalo, took what he could cleverly, then went back to Buffalo for his goods and brought them to Ashtabula in an open boat. There were no steamers in those days, and no sail vessels, for that matter. Open boats were about all the means of conveyance on the lakes. He brought them to Ashtabula and from there took them to Austinburg by team. About ten miles out of Buffalo he broke one of the spindles of an axletree. There he was ten miles away from a settlement and it would take two or three days for him to go back and have his axletree fixed and get started again. All the tools he had were two augers, an inch auger and three-quarters inch auger, an axe and a jackknife. With those tools he made a spindle on which the wheel would revolve and spliced it to the axletree, put green withes around it, and in that way fixed it so he accomplished his journey and got his goods to Austinburg. There, of course, he had to build a shanty—a log house—for his family. After his appointment to the Wyandotte Indians, he built a boat of about three tons burthen, by which he could transport what was necessary up through the Sandusky Bay to what is now Fremont. Two or three miles above Fremont is where he located. There you find him a boat-builder.

The Indians were scattered from what is Upper Sandusky clear into Michigan to Browntown and McGregor. He traveled through all that region preaching to the Indians, delivering temperance lectures and writing addresses both to the President and to the men in authority, visiting Governor Hull at Detroit and gathering encouragement from what Governor Hull said in regard to missionary work among the Indians. But that was not all. He instructed them in regard to their agricultural pursuits, urging upon them the necessity of cultivating their lands. We find him building a plow for them. Now that is the character of the man that planted religion here on the Western Reserve. The memory of that man should not die out. It ought to be kept fresh. I would like to know how many old settlers there are here that have that book. If any of you have a copy, will you hold up your hands? There is not one. On account of the burning of his house, he left the mission and went back and spent the remainder of his active ministerial life on the Reserve. Served a church at Gustavus for quite a number of years. I presume some copies could be found among the families scattered over the Western Reserve east of the Cuyahoga. Now, that book is pretty nearly a curiosity. Not one of you has a copy.

Then I have here one of his manuscript sermons. There is no question about its authenticity. I received the memoir and the sermon from Mrs. Van Tassel, a daughter of Joseph Badger, while I was in the Maumee country as presiding elder. She married a Mr. Van Tassel, who was a missionary among the Ottawa Indians, on the Maumee river. He came to a very sad death. Mrs. Van Tassel was thrown upon her own resources and exhibited the energy and determination displayed by her father all through his life. She went to New York and took a course of medical lectures, went to Tennessee and practiced there some time, and then came back and practiced in the Maumee country. Mr. Badger was in his 90th year when he died. Mrs. Van Tassel reached the age of 89.

I hope you will do what you can to keep fresh the memory of a good man.

At the close of Dr. Pierce's remarks, the Arion Quartette sang the following song :

OUR AULD LANG SYNE.

Should early settlers be forgot,
When they from earth depart ;
Who struggling lived and faltered not,
The truly brave at heart.

CHORUS.

True men at heart, my friend,
For auld lang syne,
With loving wives still truer yet,
For auld lang syne.

'Twas they who felled the forest wild,
And sowed the golden grain ;
And bred to labor every child,
Nor did they live in vain.
True men, etc.

'Twas they who made the future bright,
And laid the corner-stone
Of school and church—earth's moral light,
Divinely pure in tone.
True men, etc.

They struggled long, as best they could,
The seniors of the land ;
Who were a social brotherhood,
With ready, helping hand.
True men, etc.

They feared but God, and faithful wrought
Their task beneath the sky,
With honest aims and saintly thought,
Approved in realms on high.
True men, etc.

They left to us a rich bequest,
Who still are lingering here ;
Their honored names forever blest,
And sacred memories dear.
True men, etc.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. LESTER TAYLOR.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It has been a mooted question whether Republics were ungrateful or not. Whatever the verdict of public opinion may be on that subject, I think there is sufficient evidence from what we see here to-day that the present generation is not ungrateful to the pioneers who came here in an early day and passed through hardships and trials. They are ready to be grateful and keep the names and deeds of those pioneers in remembrance. [Applause.] Every year seems to increase the number that attend the various meetings for that purpose. I think that throughout the Western States the present generation will continue to reverence those men, living or dead, who came here and opened the way whereby the country became settled with such valuable citizens as are on this Western Reserve and through the State of Ohio.

I would suggest to the State Historical Society the preparation of a good reading book for our common schools containing a history of the early settlements in this State, that every child may understand the history of the State. It would heighten their desire to become acquainted with the history of the world.

There is a painting at Washington which has attracted my attention as one that is very beautiful. It represents a number of pioneers that are migrating from the east and going over the western slope to the Pacific coast. They are ascending a hill. A part of them have ascended and some of the company have unyoked the oxen and turned them out. Some of the women are milking cows that they have driven with them, and some are kindling fires and putting up their stakes and cross-bars, and hanging on their pots for making their supper; while others are anxiously looking westward into the country they are about to settle, and so excellent is the work of the artist, that one can see that the greatest number of them seem to be pleased as they look toward their future

home, but there are a few, who by their looks, seem to be disappointed—are not satisfied as they expected to be.

Now, I appeal to every one of the old settlers here, and I appeal to the children of old settlers, if they have not heard their parents relate, as they spoke of the vicissitudes and trials attending their coming here, that there were times when they felt that they were almost sorry that they had undertaken such an enterprise. But thanks to them for the energy, the perseverance and the heroism in which they continued; they have made these fields blossom and left for their children a goodly heritage.

I have been requested to state how it is, that, as I stand here in my ninety-fourth year, I have been able to retain so much health and strength and vigor. Time will not allow me to go into detail. There are physicians among you here, and I would not undertake before them to give you my opinion of the philosophy of the laws of health; but I can tell you that if I were to live my life over again, in some respects, I would continue to take that course which I believe has had a tendency to prolong my life. I would be temperate in all things, and would be careful to keep an even temper and disposition, and not be finding fault, for neither philosophy nor the religion of Jesus will authorize us to be finding fault with that which we cannot help. [Applause.] I never sent for a physician in my life, nor did any one ever send for one for me. I never made my system a drug store. I had my share of sickness, of fever and ague, but in those days we did not suppose it would take the life of any one and I lived it through. But I do not wish to say by this that I would not recommend that persons taken violently ill should not by all means have a physician; but it is better to prevent disease than it is to send for a physician, even if he is a good one, so as to be cured. It is a great advantage to me that in an early day I made the acquaintance of Dr. Kirtland, whom all of you who knew him respected. He was a living encyclopedia. One day at Columbus, when the Legislature had been called together in the summer time—some of us farmers living too high had become sickly—when I sat down to the table and the dishes were brought, my stomach

revolted and I left and went to my room. Dr. Kirtland came to my room and says, "What is the matter that you left the table?" I told him I did not know. He felt my pulse and says, "You are billious." "Well, what is to be done?" "One of two things, take your choice. Stop eating or take some medicine. Billious fevers do not come on at once. You will have pain in your bones, not feel well, and then the good woman will want you to eat this thing and that, and you will get something that you are able to eat and it only feeds the fever. Stop eating and fast." Said he, "I believe that the fasts that the Jews had, so many of them, were intended for their health as well as their spiritual good." I have taken that advice many times, and when I have not felt well I just stopped eating for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. There is no danger of starving as long as you are billious. Another counsel he gave was this: He said, "Here in this country where we have cool nights and warm days, and people that dress in linen and cotton and laboring in their sleeves have a good conductor, and they feel a little grateful when the dew begins to fall, and they refrain from putting on their clothes until the cold strikes through very likely, and closes the pores and they have fever. Wear flannel."

For fifty years I have worn flannel in the summer time around my body. It is not so much warmer as one would think, for it keeps out the cold and retains the animal heat. I would recommend it to every person. If I were to live my life over again, I should certainly adhere to that.

In regard to temperance, I have, for over sixty years, thought it best not to take any alcoholic drinks or anything that was exciting that was not nourishing. (A voice: "How about tobacco?") I have not used tobacco in any form.

Now, a word in regard to the influence of these associations. We meet together for the purpose of keeping alive and cultivating a spirit of good feeling towards the pioneers. The influence of these meeting does not end here. What family is it that does not have children or kindred in the west? History is repeating itself. There they have similar meetings, and will continue to have them as

population rolls westward. Some may think that these pioneer meetings are only calculated for those who have made settlements, but then they need to be continued. If the good mothers here whose children are in the west were to be asked for their jewels, like the Roman matron, they could not only point to their sons and daughters here at home, but they could point westward to their jewels—their own citizens who have been building up society and civilization and religion in the west, and will so continue.

Do you think, my friends, that when this country is well settled there will be no further necessity of pioneering? Ah, in this age when transit is so easy, where within a few days' journey may be seen women yoked up with a donkey and drawing a plough made from a stick of timber, do you think the enterprising young men of America, the citizens from these pioneers who have moved west, would be content to remain here when this country is so well settled? I tell you they will go there with all the improvements that have been made, and there they will raise the wheat and corn and all other things that go with civilization, with all their modern improvements. And think you it would stop here, where two women are grinding in a mill and grinding a few pecks in a day? Just as mechanics and builders have built flouring mills here in your city and in Minneapolis, where they turn out thousands of barrels of flour in a day, will they build up mills there for those who have gone there raising wheat, and it is no one of the religious societies or benevolent societies, no one of the professions or occupations, that is going to do all this, and the result will be that those countries that have been under the darkness of superstition and bigotry for so long a period, will become civilized and Christianized, and it will be the spirit of the pioneers that will be one of the great means of bringing about such a state of society, morality and religion as shall cause us to rejoice with one acclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, peace and good-will to men."

SOME REMINISCENCES.

BY SAMUEL E. ADAMS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The faltering memories of time are solemn. To-day I look into a grand kaleidoscope of more than fifty-four years of life in Cleveland and on the Western Reserve, and what changing and varied views the glass reveals! What struggles, aspirations, hopes and fears this retrospect of years recalls! How much of disappointment, sorrow and joy are woven into this lengthened web! What miracles have man and nature wrought! The wilderness has been transformed

INTO AN EARTHLY PARADISE,

all dotted over with pleasant homes and hamlets, schools and colleges; and now, where once unbroken silence reigned, the grand church bell peals forth its lofty notes. Children have been ushered into life, grown up to years of manhood, served out life's ends and passed away. How swiftly age follows in the track of youth. All honor, then, to the pioneers and early settlers of the Western Reserve. The good steamer *Commodore Perry* brought me to Cleveland—then an infant city of less than seven thousand inhabitants—in the spring of 1837. The Honorable John W. Willey was Mayor, if my memory serves me, or was elected the following year. I have no expectation that any considerable number of the present voters of the city remember him, or ever heard of him; but the survivors of his time, who knew him well, will concur in expressions of commendation of the man, and appreciation of the candor, ability and fidelity with which he discharged the important duties of that office. He did not belong to that class of modern politicians among whom the great contest is, not how the country shall be governed, but who shall govern it.

The judicial tribunals of the county at that time were the circuit term of the supreme court; the court of common pleas, of which the Honorable Van R. Humphrey of Hudson was president judge; Har-

vey Rice, the venerable president of this association, clerk; and Aaron Clark, deputy clerk; and three justices of the peace for the township. A Mr. Henderson, whose first name I cannot recall, was sheriff, and a lawyer of the name of Ford was prosecuting attorney. The court house was a brick structure, located on the southwest section of the Public Square, and the jail was a stone building in the rear of the court-house and separated from it by the street south of that section. George Hoadley, father of ex-Governor Hoadley, Dr. Samuel Underhill and Gurdon Fitch, the father of James and Jabez Fitch, were magistrates; Colonel Seth A. Abbey and Caleb Hunt, constables. The newspapers of that time were the *Cleveland Herald*, published and edited by Josiah A. Harris, of blessed memory; the *Cleveland Advertiser*; Dr. Underhill's paper, the *Cleveland Liberalist*; and a little sheet called the *Bald Eagle*, a sort of Paul Pry publication full of scurrility and personal abuse, whose editor met with a well-earned rebuke, and the demolition of his "machine" by a sledge hammer wielded by the strong hands of a young attorney whom that paper had vilified. The foremost members of the bar were Sherlock J. Andrews, Joseph Adams, John A. Foot, Thomas Bolton, Moses Kelley, Henry B. Payne, Hiram V. Wilson, Horace Foote and Charles Stetson. The prominent business men and merchants were Richard Hillard, P. M. Weddell, T. P. May, C. L. Camp, Strickland & Gaylord, Orlando Cutter, A. D. Cutter, Levi Johnson, James M. Crow, Seaman & Smith, Sanford & Lott, Hendricks & Carr, and a few others. Of all the men and firms doing business on the river, or on Superior, Water, Bank, Seneca and Ontario streets in 1838,

NOT A MAN OR FIRM REMAINS

in the same business to-day. Those eminent physicians and surgeons of that period, Delamater, Ackley, Inglehart, Mills, Smith, Terry and Hoyt have long since made their last prescriptions. Daniel Worley, the obliging postmaster of that time, and who delivered my first letter from home for the consideration of eighteen cents, has locked the eastern mail-bag for the last time and hung the key on a nail in the office. John Wills has carted his last casks of

water from the Cuyahoga to the Square to moisten the roots of the elms planted by his own hands, and turned out his horses to graze on the vacant fields extending from T. P. May's house to Clinton Park. Edward Whittemore and George Kirk no longer sit during the long summer nights at the latter's livery stable door on Bank street and talk the hours away till dawn; pausing long enough now and then to step into George Speed's "place" and "have something." That brace of harmless old wags, John Gupitil and Plato Brewster, no longer convulse us by their strange jargon and use of words not to be found in any language. And that dear old Frenchman, whose name I have forgotten, but who used to ferry us over the river at the foot of Superior street, has landed his last passenger and drawn his boat ashore. Nicholas Dockstader, the prominent and leading furrier and hatter of his time, who was fond of good cheer, has abandoned Alf Cozzens' dining-room, where he sometimes indulged in a bottle of porter with a side dish of goose and sauerkraut. The "Ark," that gentle retreat of mirth, repartee and philosophy, which once stood on the site of the present post-office, has disappeared. William Case, the courteous gentleman and kind friend, than whom Cleveland never was blessed with a more competent mayor, was the soul and inspiration of the little coterie who assembled in the "Ark." That trio of wit and humor, "Dick" Richards, James Phinney and E. Burk Fisher, have ceased to instruct and amuse the friends who were wont to gather around them. That chivalric and gallant commander of all the military forces in this city east of the Cuyahoga and west of Doan's Corners—the knightly Captain William Richardson, of proud and lofty step, as ignorant of military tactics as a mule is of church music, the innocent butt of fun and ridicule, especially for those who had any correct knowledge of the military science—has been mustered out of service. Do any of you remember the thrilling incidents of the "Patriot war," and how, in the month of May, in the year of 1838, this city was possibly saved from fire and sword, pillage and destruction, and its inhabitants from massacre and carnage, by the valor of the re-

nowned Captain Richardson and his heroic company of some twenty men, who, upon a

FALSE AND MALICIOUS REPORT

set on foot by the sly and wily George C. Dodge (at the probable suggestion of the mayor, General Dodge, Dr. Mills, and one or two others who enjoyed a good joke), that a long, low, suspicious-looking schooner, crowded with armed men, was lying off the mouth of the river with the evident intention of entering the harbor and burning the town, marched at midnight from the rendezvous at Spring Cottage, on a reconnoissance down to the pier, and, after frightening a number of web-footed gulls that were quietly reposing upon the bosom of the lake, bravely marched up town again? And how, in the next issue of Dr. Underhill's paper, his poetic genius, with the amaranthine end of his editorial scepter, touched the incident of that memorable midnight march and consigned it over to immortality? The hostleries, or taverns, as they were then called, were the American, the Franklin, the Cleveland House, City Hotel, Mansion House, Farmers' Hotel, and one or two more of less notoriety. Mr. Philo Scoville was the proprietor and the genial host of the Franklin, which was the headquarters of all stage lines leading to or from the city. There were neither railroads nor telegraphs in those days, and the shrill blast of the stage-driver's tin horn announced the approach of the stagecoach with its passengers and the United States mail. Captain Sartwell was the factotum of the stage and mail service, and supervised the arrival and departure of the coaches and mail. His home was with Mr. Scoville at the Franklin, where many amusing incidents occurred. Upon the close of navigation, several lake captains would take up their abode for the winter at Mr. Scoville's tavern, and among the number might usually be found a silent, testy, little man, by the name of Clifford Belden. It is related of him that he was thoughtful and studious and amid the long and dreary hours of winter sought consolation in the diligent study of history and biography. His usual hours of study were in the night season, in the quiet of his own room, and by

the light of a tallow candle. It is said that some prying and inquisitive chamber-maid, while adjusting his apartments one morning, discovered that he was reading a small octavo book of some three hundred pages, entitled, 'The Life of Francis Marion,' a Revolutionary officer, born near Georgetown, South Carolina, in the year 1732, and who died at Eutaw, in the same State, in 1795, a true patriot and one of the most adroit generals of the American Revolution. Now this curious maid, on a closer examination, observed that the captain had placed in the book a mark of bright ribbon to indicate his progress and the page where he last left off reading. After glancing at the book and the attractive ribbon, she conceived the brilliant but mischievous idea of moving the mark back toward the beginning of the book about as far as, in her opinion, the captain had read the previous night. This she did, and secretly communicated the fact to some of the inmates of the house, who considered it a capital

JOKE ON THE CAPTAIN,

and advised her to repeat it every morning when she went to his room. She followed this suggestion, and each morning moved back the ribbon, while the whole house, unknown to the captain, secretly enjoyed the joke. Finally, as the winter waned and navigation was opening, the wicked girl so adjusted the mark that his next night's reading would let him out of the book. Thus he consumed some three long winter months in reading this small but interesting book. At last the time arrived when he must leave the tavern and go on board his ship; and as he sat at dinner on the last day of his sojourn at the hotel, some one gravely asked him how he liked 'The Life of Francis Marion,' to which he replied: "It is an awful good book, but there is a darned sight of it that is just alike." I need not say that this innocent answer set the table in a roar. Such were some of the men and incidents of the time when I was a student in my uncle's office.

I arrived in Cleveland on Thursday morning, and the following Sunday attended the Old Stone church, and listened to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Aiken, who, without disparagement to other members

of the cloth, may be said to have been the most learned, the most affable clergyman of the city. I wish never to forget him.

The calm of that old reverend brow, the glow
Of its thin silver locks, was like a flash
Of sunlight in the pauses of the storm.

Nor would I fail to make honorable mention of that other distinguished and esteemed clergyman, Dr. Levi Tucker of the Baptist Church, a contemporary with Dr. Aiken, whose clearness of thought and diction captivated all who listened to him. Happily for them and their respective congregations, those two venerable ministers belonged to a generation of Protestant clergymen from which the simplicity of the Gospel had not evaporated in the pageantry of the Church—a generation which, with becoming submission, sought to conform to the teachings of that Jesus, who, with His reverent and humble followers, wandered among the scenes along the Sea of Galilee and over the hills towards Bethany, barefooted, without mitred cap or purple robe. They lived in an age when the scholasticism of Christian theology had not quite obscured the real character of Christ; and when the cry of “heresy and heretic” was not evoked by the intelligent expression of an honest and conscientious difference of opinion touching the interpretation of a creed; and dogmatism did not unblushingly demand the right to limit thought.

· A RAPID TRANSIT THROUGH EUROPE.

BY GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

Our venerable president has asked me to make a rapid transit through Europe in the short space of fifteen minutes. The romance of “Eighty Days Around the World” has become more than a reality, with several days to spare; but days are more than minutes.

Possibly the president feared that too long a stay in, and around,

the glittering Courts of Europe, especially those of the continent, might alienate his people, insomuch that they would be loath to fall back into ordinary American habits, and sadder still, they would be liable to entirely forget their mother tongue.

It has been said that there is nothing new in the old world, nor anything old in the new. So many of our people have seen the kingdoms of foreign lands, and the glory of them, and having told what they have seen, we of Cleveland are better informed respecting matters on the other side the Atlantic, than we are of the movements in Solon or Orange, Middleburgh or Olmsted, or even taking a drive to Rocky river. Our newspapers have more display headings over the gambols and gambling of the Prince of Wales and Parnell, or Humbert and humbug, than of similar events at home, while all European literature pays not the least regard to any of our base ball scores, and has never taken a thought on curved pitching. It will be a long time before we can establish reciprocity with Europe at that rate. Sometimes people are blamed for telling what they see, and at other times they are blamed in telling what they don't see.

Twenty-four years last spring, two unsophisticated and impecunious Clevelanders landed in Bremen, Germany, after twelve days from Sandy Hook. They took the German Lloyd line because it landed them so far to the east for so little money; they wanted all they could get, as gold was awfully high at that time. For companions on the water they had an English nobleman, his daughter and servant, who had made the circuit of the globe. The gentleman was the Governor of India, with a residence in Hindostan. There was also a Yankee taking across the water a patent clothes-wringer to show to the rulers of those *effète* monarchies how easily their daughters could squeeze the water from their linen—if they ever washed it. Another man was supercargo of an invoice of those delicate tissues which are used to enclose that toothsome food so common with us in winter, but common all the year round in Germany, where its name is wuest, in America simply sausage; a section of a circus, an opera troupe of negro minstrels, some ladies and gents of leisure going for pleasure, and a few discouraged adventurers in the steer-

age. The steamer was registered 4,000 tons, yet it had more valuable freight than all that which I have named; there was a vast invoice of sewing machines, and many tierces of salt pork intended for countries whose embargo or tariff laws did not hinder them from entering.

The voyage had no incidents worthy of making a fuss about, unless it proved that the old story about the ocean being dotted over with white sails did not prove a true one. Many a day, to try your best, even with a powerful glass, you could not discover a single bit of canvas, or even the black smoke from a steamer beside your own; and one could not find fault with the good woman who looked out on the vast waste of water and exclaimed, "Massy sakes! if this ain't the first time in my life I have seen something that there is enough of."

Upon landing in a foreign country for the first time, a person is usually on the *qui vive* (these are French words and are defined to mean "on the alert." One must use a French word now and then to prove that he has been looking in the dictionary.) If I fail to pronounce my French properly, I fear it may be the means for discrediting my truths; therefore, French will hereafter be omitted.

"On the alert," I say, to see how things are done, if materially different from what we see at home. At the hotel in Bremen the landlord stands at the entrance to greet you, extending the hospitality of his hostelry in view of the hoped-for compensation. With chalk in hand he registers your name on a blackboard at the foot of the stairs and assigns you to a room. No Americanized office or sitting room, and no star-spangled clerk to vouchsafe a pen and ink that you may adorn the register with your own proper signature. Your room door opens in the hall, and when in you are in the presence of what at first view is a monument to some of the early Kaisers, but upon close inspection it proves to be a stove. It has a surface resembling porcelain, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and it took as much as fifteen valuable minutes to find where the fuel went in, and it would appear as if it would take the remainder of a natural life to find where the smoke went out. It is of little use to bother

about fire when there is no need of one. There is need, however, when in a country whose language you do not understand, to first find out two important things, then you can go your way rejoicing. First, you want to know where to sleep; second, where to eat; two indispensables at home or abroad.

The proverbial integrity of the German character is quite enough security for your person or your property, so that no one need ask that either be put in the safe until leaving, unless you fear some American skilled artist is on your track. Bremen boasted at that time for itself a free city, and only held allegiance to Germany for its quota of men in time of war, and a nominal tax in time of peace; she could make her own commercial treaties, make a restrictive tariff or an unrestricted free trade, which latter condition she was in. One of her methods for revenue was the unqualified control of the purchase and sale of wine and liquor. Her court house (Rath house) contains all the wines on sale in the city, and beneath the courts of justice the liquid is dealt out by wholesale or retail, as desired. In a locked vault were shown thirteen casks or *tuns*, containing wine, which were named after the apostles, but these were not all; the keeper assures the new-coming visitor that Judas has the best wine; whichever one tries he soon wishes he had sampled another apostle, even to Peter. Simon says "Thumbs up." The system which Bremen has adopted overcomes all excise, liquor or license laws, and if there happens to be any excess in drinking, whereby the government or the people incur a loss, all they have to do is to raise the price of wine to overcome it; the government then secures all the profits on its sale, and is enabled to regulate the price of drinks. By this means they have no political trouble on the liquor question. It appeared a little profane to see the cask which had the name of St. Paul printed on it, and to also find the following, taken from his letter to Timothy, I. Epistle, 5th chap., 23d verse: "Drink no more water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake and thine other infirmities."

After a day at Bremen, away those wayward travelers go for Hamburg by diligence, and at night. Not like unto the days of Captain

Sartwell, do the agents send the coach hither and thither to gather them in. Every one expecting to take passage must be on hand at starting time, or get left. First come first served, and as your name is called you choose your seat; once seated, off they go at the crack of the whip. Midway at midnight the passengers take courage, as St. Paul did, at the sight of three taverns, and by the light of two kerosene lamps all fall to enjoying the luxury of a cup of excellent coffee and a slice of brown bread. But, look at the decorations of the brown walls. Here was a well-smoked map of the State of New York, and there a lithographic portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It did not appear as if the country was foreign, else they may be in a dream, or perhaps, induce the first touch of homesickness. At early sunrise the coach rattles over the rough boulders of the narrow streets in Hamburg, and what a joy it gives the drivers to crack their whips to hear the echo all along the line. Hotel Zingg held the entire contents of two coaches, and all were hungering for satisfaction. They wanted it bad, and what would satisfy? a dish of broiled ham and eggs; but the Kilenor says ham is already cooked, and it cannot be cooked any more. What! don't you broil ham in Hamburg? Not after it is pickled and smoked. When that is done it is cooked enough, and must not be cooked again; it spoils it. Do they regard it as a work of supererogation to broil smoked ham? Will some one send a gridiron to Hamburg and a girl to show how to use it? Notwithstanding, if you fail to get your acceptable dish, Hamburg is a magnificent city all the same. It has a long line of splendid commercial houses, as well as a superb line of princely palaces. One could not help being charmed with the outlook from the two Alster Bassins, a couple of young lakes in the very heart of the city, where the tiniest steamers ply as passenger boats from end to end, stopping like an omnibus, at every signal, for passengers to ship or unship.

Leaving the city on the Elbe, the next landing is at Brunswick, as quaint and finished an old town as can be found in all Germany. Without the least ceremony the cars pass through the walls of Magdeburg, in range of the guns that frown with an unpleasant look at every passenger. Here you skirt along in sight of the sluggish Elbe,

where the sloops are moving at a snail's pace, hoping for a better breeze to help them along. The country here is as flat as a pancake half baked, and the river has to be followed up many miles before the historic beauties of that famous stream become manifest. Booked for Berlin, you are content enough to take a week or more to do so stately a city, and there you will find as gay and fashionable a people as in the metropolis of France. Kings and Emperors have for many ages endeavored to make the common people contented with the nation of their birth. Museums, art galleries, parks and pleasure-grounds, theatres, operas and a vast number of holidays are established, and sometimes not infrequently the Emperor amuses the people in sanguinary wars as a pastime and recreation. Every male citizen is held for a given number of years to military service, and rating them in as the standing army, it makes a wonderful show of fighting power. Now and then young men are found who are somewhat lacking in loyalty and look for some other country not so exacting for military services.

The outside of Berlin is rather elegant to look at. You can work your way into the museum, art galleries, manufacturing establishments and into the Emperor's schloss, or palace, provided he is not at home. It is quite a feat to do that. The guide leads you on from room to room, provided you pay your fee and await the gathering of blocks of five. When you reach the more elaborate rooms, where the floors are polished and inlaid with parti-colored woods, you are required to increase your foot-wear in a pair of huge, thick, woolen slippers, about the size of ex-Mayor Gardner's largest canoe, and you go slip-shod as if on ice, looking and admiring, and all the while unconsciously polishing the Emperor's floors. If you don't polish the knocker on the King's front door, you help to do the same thing on the Emperor's floor. The legislative hall is at one end of the schloss, and unlike many other nations, they are mighty chary about allowing outsiders to hear the debates, and they are seldom reported in full. Bismarck's carriage came dashing down under the Linden, with the Prime Minister alone, except he had his plumed hat by his side, as

the extent of its plumes, much like those of the modern style of our women, was too high for the carriage; therefore he rides with his skull cap. The great park and pleasure-ground at Pottsdam, near by, is usually alive on Sunday, and made more attractive by a military parade. Her majesty the Empress reviewed the troops upon occasions, which gave the gaping strangers an opportunity to take a look at so much royalty in one person. The janitor had not washed the marble statuary for the season—the green and black mould made the nude forms of many a nymph look as if they needed a Turkish bath. On the side hill at Pottsdam stands the famous *Sans Souci*, a low stone building, that is said to have been built by one of the Frederick's, who entertained Voltaire perhaps with lager and pretzels.

Leipzig must be seen, else what can be done for Auerbach's cellar, or Dr. Faustus, who cut up shines there, or Goethe or Mephistopheles, who evaded the liquor law and let the boys have wine by boring gimlet holes through a table? I hope this trick will not be told outside, for some of our Yankees may adopt the same method to cheat the government. The Easter Messe or Fair, fills up all the hotels, insomuch that the wayfarers had to find other quarters. They took private apartments, at a late hour, and soon sought and found needed sleep; with unlimited confidence in the German character for honesty, they never so much as bolted the door. In the dim twilight of the early morning a female form was faintly seen to enter the room. She approached the bedside of one of the sleepers and taking his coat and vest, carefully went through the pockets thereof, laying the contents on the table; then she went for the remaining garment which encases the lower part of man, and relieved it or them of their contents, disposing them on the center table. This work completed, she did a like work with the garments of the sleeper on the other side of the room, and as stealthily and unostentatiously withdrew. At that critical moment the two travelers sat both upright in bed, and after beholding with one eye the movements of the lady, wanted to know what in Leipzig all that meant. They repaired to the centre table and found every item of

the necessaries of travel in plain view, except clothing—watches, money, circular notes, toothpicks, jackknives, revolvers, combs, thimble, eyeglasses, match box, tweezers; in fact, not even a vagrant shirt button unattached was taken. Reflecting upon their poor condition with plenty of metallic and other substance, but no clothing, they felt themselves better off with what had been left than with what was taken, and were in no condition to follow the woman and compel her to give back her booty; and that was another item, she took *boots* also. An hour passed on, when the door was as gently opened, and in came the same lady with clothes well brushed and boots with a brilliant Saxon polish, and two men were made happy once more, concluding never to lock a door while sleeping in Germany.

Next morning the wayfarers pulled out for Dresden, where they encountered the Elbe river in its more enlivening surroundings. They could not refrain from a visit to the Green vault, a museum of articles fit for kings. It is a receptacle for trinkets gathered by the potentates—odd-looking and useless play things such as one king delights to tickle the fancy of another one; diamonds, silver vases and golden toys, such as Napoleon had a habit of making useful while in war by melting into coin. The outside of Dresden was looked at, when the romance of the river enticed a trip by steamer as far as the waters flow in sufficient quantity to navigate. Following the stream up as far as Leitmeritz, they were at the end of navigation on that beautiful river, and compelled to foot it five Bohemian miles, to reach a railway for Prague; hard enough work for one afternoon in a hot sun over the battle-field of Sodowa; yet they were cheered on their journey far out on the solitary field by a crippled native hard at work turning the crank of a superannuated hand organ. This brought to mind the perplexities of a young man who detected one of his shopmates at prayer, in a loud voice, quite alone, and declared that the fool was praying without any one listening.

Prague was reached after a night at Theresienstadt, where sleep could scarcely reach a fellow between two feather beds; but it is a rule

of the country. The bill of fare at the morning meal, after eating, was unique. The wuest was stipulated, as well as the rye bread and coffee, but when the side dishes are entered a person learns something, and he is compelled to go down into his pocket to liquidate the score. Mustard, pepper and salt were rated at one penny each for the banquet of the two wayfarers. There they were in that ancient city of Prague, doing it as best they could, looking for the proud arch of which Campbell sings, "Where the fires of ruin glow and the blood-dyed waters running far below;" but they were gone, probably fallen, as Kosciusko had, when freedom shrieked. In their place, perhaps, the good people had erected a gilded crucifix over one of the arches of the bridge which spans the Elbe. About every gentleman crossing the bridge respects the crucifix by lifting his hat and crossing himself. A day in Prague and a night in railroads to Vienna, passing over the Moravian mountain by moonlight, sitting bolt upright in a locked compartment car. Vienna reached, they find it is simply "Wein," yet one name is as good as another when we find the article we seek.

The Duke Vincencio once said: "My business in this State made me a looker-on here in Vienna."

And that was the matter with the two wandering wayfarers. They more than looked on; they skipped through palaces, parks and pleasure-grounds, into known and unknown places, and came near bringing up at a police station.

The proper thing to do is to make the acquaintance of any accredited representative of the country to which you hold allegiance, as soon as you enter the gates of any foreign city. It helps amazingly, and if by chance you get full he will be likely to bail you out. It is in Vienna where doleful stories are poured into the willing ear respecting the brigands who infest the land further east and south; but when a person is bent on looking at things as they are, he is liable to go where others have been, and come through with a whole hide, if so be it is with an empty pocket. Possibly there is more romance than reality in brigandage.

Headed for Venice, Rome and Naples, willing people warn way-

ward people that the middle of May is too late to venture among the Pontine marshes. The fevers are said to be around about that time. Notwithstanding, the twain set out for Trieste, leaving Vienna at 7 A. M., and reaching the Adriatic sea the following morning.

In crossing the Styrian Alps, and getting well down towards Marburg, on their way to Trieste, a dark-skinned and burly fellow was placed in the same compartment with the innocent travelers. He brought a spell of terror to the companions in travel, and looked down upon them as if at one fell swoop he could annihilate or swallow them. To reflect where they were it made the condition of things more perplexing. One of the travelers whispered to the other that he was afraid of the new companion. The sentiment was reciprocated, and dread held sway over the two until midnight. "Not a word was said nor a funeral note" until the train, at midnight, stopped for refreshments. It is said that it is sometimes dangerous to be safe. Preparing for what might possibly happen, one of the waywards had so clutched his revolver ready for action that his hand became cramped, so that with difficulty it was disengaged from the weapon. Standing up to a lunch counter at midnight in Austria makes all on an equal footing, and it was in such a condition that they found their new companion a genial, whole-souled, intelligent Lutheran preacher from Ohio. Both breathed freer.

Left Trieste at 8 P. M. for Venice. While awaiting train at the depot something is learned respecting the method adopted by governments to raise a revenue. An export duty is exacted from every traveler carrying out of the city certain articles named. It was a lesson to behold the tax-gatherer examine every package, large or small, and if any taxable article was discovered it was at once weighed and a fee required; tea, tobacco, coffee, sugar, rice and necessities of life, all were compelled to pay an export duty. Women, with a half pound of tea or sugar or coffee, kindly submitted and respected the demands of the government; while the two wayfarers were required to open their well-filled grip-sacks and expose their soiled linen, but they had neither a cud of tobacco nor stump of

a cigar to enrich the free city of Trieste with a needed increase of their finances.

At dead of night the Venetian province of Italy is reached, where every passenger, asleep or awake, must follow in line to a room, where every parcel undergoes custom inspection, and a line of gaping bags is displayed on a well-used counter. The man of authority comes along, runs his hand down among your linen (perhaps cotton) and says "cigar, tobacco," and you say nix, and he passes on, as in the play of "button, button, who's got the button?"

At 6:30 A. M. Venice is announced. One wayfarer holds on to the grip-sack, while the other goes for a hack. It would make a picture for Hogarth or anyone if they could see the countenance of the man who returned to announce that there was neither horse nor donkey in all Venice. If Lord Byron sported a span in that well-watered city, it was possibly the last.

They managed to get to a hotel by boarding a black and tan gondola, where the gay gondolier jerked them fore and aft with his paddle, and right happily were the three when safely landed and compensation vouchsafed. About all you have to do in Venice the first day is to float around to the American consul's office, register, then go to the Rialto, Bridge of Sighs, Cathedral, St. Mark's Square and see that the pigeons are fed, sit in the shade, drink a glass of wine or something, ride up and down on the Grand canal, sympathize with Shylock on account of the loss of his daughter, and congratulate Antonio and Bassanio on the manner in which Portia won their case.

Took a night ride for Florence, and reached that floral city at late breakfast time. Did up Florence in a one-horse hack, with a map outstretched on the lap, pointing the way by the chart, where the galleries and notable spots should be inspected. Would have called on Dante (he had probably gone to one of the places he wrote about), but the busy traveling men were so far on their way to Rome that they set out for another night's ride to the eternal city.

As the sun rose on the morning of the fifteenth of May, the great dome of St. Peter's lifted its head above the horizon, and Rome was

in sight. They passed under the old wall made before Julius Cæsar had a being, and got well housed among the fleas at 10 A. M. One of Cleopatra's needles is sticking in the ground close by, well rusted, and the Pantheon is in plain view from their bed-room window. The Pope, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the ruins of Cæsar's pride, the forum, the arch of Titus, the Apian way, the Catacombs, the Quirinal, the Vatican, the Tarpean rock, the baths of Caracalli; in fine, one needs to stop a good long while in Rome, if fleas do not eat the life out. Above and below ground is continually exciting the curiosity of about all who try to take in this eternal city. While looking at the yellow Tiber, one wonders if Cleopatra did really have her men row her up a river as muddy as the Cuyahoga.

Leaving Rome for Naples by rail in the daytime gives one a chance to behold and admire that blue ethereal haze which the poets go wild over. Just as if some one was burning a brush heap and getting ready for fall plowing, the blue smoke skirts the hills not much unlike our lake fogs; but you hear no mournful fog horn every thirty seconds to notify a wayward vessel that Cleveland still lies on the shore of Lake Erie, about six miles from Newburgh.

It is all true enough that the Bay of Naples reflects the brilliant rays of the moon when it gets a chance, just like any other body of water similarly situated, while Vesuvius and its companion makes as fine a background to the outlooker as any other two mountains of less than 4,000 feet of altitude would present. When we reflect that the city of Denver, Colorado, is higher from the sea than Vesuvius, and is not on a mountain at all, we can see at once that Vesuvius is not much of a hill after all, yet it is far from being uninteresting in other respects.

At 7 A. M. the twain set out for Pompeii by rail, and at once dash inside the gates with a guide to direct, after he receives his accustomed fee regulated by the government. They wander through the many streets long since exhumed, and look at the busy laborers carting the ashes away from unexhumed quarters that have been undisturbed for nearly 2,000 years. It leads one to wonder what a multiplied race will give work to lawyers in order to make their title

clear to that part of the city their grandparents of over sixty generations back held a title to. Pliny may have left a map, but the abstract office and contents were consumed in the general conflagration. You hire a guide, a horse and a stout whip, and ride as far up the side of the mountain as a horse will go, then you have the chance to foot it through the ashes to the crater. It is hard work, but it pays in the glory of the enterprise. You walk over the heated surface, inhale the heated, sulphurous odor, look off on Naples, have the kind Italian guide cook a couple of eggs in the blue flame slowly coming through the seams of the scoria, eat the eggs, drink a glass of bitter wine, then skip down the cone (in fear lest history should repeat itself) to your horse in less than five minutes, when it took you two hours to go up. No danger from rocks, for there are none; but you will be in good shape for a plunge bath when you get back to Naples. The ashes fill your eyes, your ears, your nostrils, your boots, your pockets. To-day you can reach the summit by rail easier than the pinnacle of Pike's Peak. Will try the rail next time.

Steamed out of Naples for Genoa, and used up a little less than two days in the voyage. Took in Genoa, and called on Christopher Columbus, or his brazen statue, but recently set in place. Did up Milan in a day, shot out for Lake Como, and drank in none of its waters, but all that could be taken into the eye of historic scenery; thence to Lake Lugano, and over the Alps at Gotthard, working the way at the divide through a snowdrift fifteen feet high, patted the St. Bernard dogs for all the human lives they had saved, and after lunch set out for the down grade to Lake Luzerne, where Wm. Tell, his boy and Gessler had their semi-dramatic performance. Whether that wonderful performance ever took place or not, there has been built out in the waters of the Luzerne a grand chapel to the memory of the hero, with a cross to indicate that it was a holy performance all round.

At Zurich they succeeded in gaining admission to a silk-weaving establishment. At Constance they did not have the pleasure of beholding a bit of the cross upon which Christ was executed, but it is confidently reported that such is on exhibition for a consideration.

They spent a week at Stuttgart, a couple days in Munich, and looked at the Iser roll rapidly, but saw no blood-stained snow. Took the cars for Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and transacted a little banking business with the Rothschilds, found a banking house with no more attempt at artistic finish or furniture than our American carpenter shop, where they figured up interest, discount and exchange with chalk on a blackboard lying on the counter, where both parties to any transaction could plainly see whether figures would lie. Went to Manheim, Heidelberg, and to the gambling rooms at Weisbaden, where, on Sunday, the attractive gambling rooms are in full operation, and the public are as free to put their money upon the table as they are at a meeting of the Salvation army, the luck running so uniformly in favor of the *croupier* that neither of the innocent travelers ventured a franc on the green cloth, to follow the woodbine in its twining. Thence to Worms and Bingen, and by steamer down the Rhine to Cologne, where they took a view of the Cathedral that is said to have been seven hundred years in the process of being built, and would be seven hundred more before it will be completed. It appeared as if the staging which surrounded it had got pretty tired standing so long. They drank in all the historic beauties of the Rhine, with very little of its wine, and lit out from Cologne under cover of the night, passing near the battlefield of Waterloo in a sound sleep, on a circuitous line for Paris. They sent their grip-sacks by mail, or government express, from Stuttgart to Paris, where the efficient officer issued two rests each for the German end of the line, also two for the French end, and exacted a "trink geld" for each of the written transactions, and any humane individual would pity that governmental officer if he drinks four mugs of Rhine wine all at once.

At 11 A. M. June 13, the wayward travelers reached the gay city of Paris, willing enough to take a rest for the remainder of the day. The Exposition being in full blast, it was necessary to take that in, yet the balance of Paris was a problem they could not solve—so much to see and so little time to see it in. One could not well hire

a hack and do it up in a day, so they tarried and tried a week or two to see what so many had seen, but *that* would not do. The guide books must be studied carefully, and one must go slow in order to do justice to the town where all the fashions for our women come from. If one stays too long there is a liability that they forget what French they learned at home. An American-French teacher invited one of these two travelers to dine, and it was impossible for the American gentleman to make the French waiter understand a single word he was uttering to him, and they had to dine upon what they could get by pointing to the sort of dishes on the plates of other hungry individuals. It was a sad case of loss of memory on the part of the American professor of French.

They took a look at the tomb of the greatest General of modern times—the Hotel des Invalides—where he lies enshrined beneath a wealth of polished marble, and surrounded by a vast amount of artistic fretwork in historic designs and allegorical representations. Yet they were a little astonished to find that no fee was demanded at the entrance, and scarcely a watchman to see that no harm was done to any of the surroundings. The French people declare that the reverence for the memory of so great a man inspires every one who enters the palace to pay a due respect to the dead as well as the living.

It is as impossible to do Paris in a week as it is to do Rome in a year. You need to make a business of it, and go to work as if you were sawing wood with a buck and cross-cut saw. You will be glad when night comes if you are able to visit some opera or other place of entertainment. It presented a homelike look to see on the Bois de Bologne a four-in-hand turn-out, driven by a Cleveland gentleman, that made the Parisian look to find some sprig of royalty on board.

The American circus, which had its clown, ring-master and a few dozen horses and men on the outgoing steamer, had pitched its tent on the Boulevard St. Martino, with a fair run, and the Yankee who took over the clothes-wringer, could be seen daily at the Exposition exhibiting the efficiency of his patent by frequent revolutions of the

crank, and demonstration from the wash tub accordingly. The cases for sausage were not on exhibition.

Left Paris and all its glory at 4 p. m. for Rouen, reaching that city late in the evening. Fortunate for those much traveled wayfarers that they had struck a town inspired with holy zeal, and on the eve of a holy day. At three o'clock on the following morning the church bells began to make a fearful clatter, which furnished the wayfarers an incentive for sleep that they had never experienced in all Europe, and the bells of such varied tone and of such deep sound, and so near that they felt like keeping awake until the clatter was ended; but it had no end. Broad daylight and so on to nine o'clock knew no cessation. At ten o'clock, processions of military, headed by bands of music, escorted priests in costume, and men carrying immense quantities of rose leaves and crucifixes followed in line, and every church, chapel, cross or crucifix was blessed and decorated with a profusion of rose leaves.

The wayward travelers sought out the spot where Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, had been burned alive a few years before America was discovered, and looked upon the black stone cross, imbedded in the pavement, as a lasting remembrance of her unfortunate fate. They also called to mind the fact that after so many years the court had opened up the case, wherein she had been condemned to death, and gave her a new trial, and was generous enough to acquit her of any crime. This was, no doubt, gratifying to Joan, and the jury would do well to congratulate her all round. What if that case wherein Pilate was induced by a jury mob (a sort of lynching scrape) to do a wrong to a good citizen, should be opened and a fair trial inaugurated in the regular way? Most likely the good man would be declared unjustly executed, the case nolle and Barabbas crucified instead, and the jury ordered hung or electrified, that justice, although coming late, may be done all round.

From Rouen to Dieppe; thence, when the tide comes in, the channel is crossed, and London is reached in about eight hours. Now comes London, the greatest human line of habitations and people in the world, with a good assortment of all the nations that live

on the face of the earth, a city without a street railway, but well perforated underneath, for rapid transit. The way to find out what there is in London, and what is done there, is to go there and stay, join all the clubs, get acquainted with the royal family, dine with the Queen, then come home. It is said that the only man beside Prince Albert that ever kissed Her Majesty was John Van Buren.

From London to Oxford, to look at the great nest of colleges; but, in the language of the people there, the schools had "*gone down*;" in other words, it was their vacation; but Stratford is still there, with all its outward memories of Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway. He was born there, married yonder and died here. If you try to steal a memento you will be dealt with at once. They begin to think as much of the wonderful bard as the Americans do.

To Birmingham, to Liverpool, to the lakes and highlands of Scotland, to Sterling, to Edinburgh, to Abbotsford, to Kelso, to the Isle of Man; thence to Ireland, Belfast, Dublin, the lakes of Killarney, Cork and out to Blarney Castle; and after once licking the blarney stone, it is time for any American to come home and be satisfied with his own country, her institutions and her people.

LETTER FROM LAUREL BEEBE,

AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

NORTH RIDGEVILLE, July 21, 1891.

MR. PRESIDENT: Having anticipated the pleasure for some time past of attending your annual convocation, I write you to say that on account of poor health it is deemed best that I forego the labor and fatigue of being present with you. This I exceedingly regret, because I know that your meetings are both interesting and instructive.

It has always seemed to me fit and proper that descendants of fathers and mothers who came here in early times, should meet at least once a year and thank God that He put it in their hearts to

pioneer this wilderness country, driving out the wild beast and red man, planting the principles of civilization, erecting school houses, churches and colleges for the benefit of those who might follow after them. Let it be ours to be ever grateful, and cherish their memory for benefits received.

It may not be without its interest to state that my parents, Chester and Maria Beebe, came to Ohio from Waterbury, New Haven county, Connecticut, in the fall of 1818, reaching Cleveland, October 8, at ten o'clock A.M., where, after a sojourn of some two hours, we were ferried across the Cuyahoga, and took the road to Rocky River, which we crossed, staying over night on the west bank at Wright's tavern. The next day we reached our destination (Ridgeville) at three o'clock P. M., one of the then most western towns of Cuyahoga county. I was then a lad of nine years, and here we have remained since our first arrival.

Cleveland was our principal market, and to which we sent any kind of farm produce we had for sale. Our team was one yoke of oxen, our wagon the lumber kind. In that day it took but little time to test the capacity of the market. We worked on the Ohio canal in the summer of 1827; on the dock at Cleveland in 1830. The commission merchants at that time were a Giddings, Blair and Trowbridge. How wide is the contrast between Cleveland then and to-day! I voted for the Hon. Reuben Wood for Governor of Ohio in 1850 and 1857. He held the office for three years, the only man honored with the office from Cuyahoga county in early days.

The lands west of the Cuyahoga were occupied as hunting grounds by the Indians up to the War of 1812. The Indian trails ran on the dry grounds or uplands, and where they ran up and down the lake, they followed along the foot of the ridge. As a reason for this, they were claimed to be less exposed to falling trees or limbs in a gale or high winds. Some of these trails were utilized as roads of travel by first settlers for years.

The first school I attended, when a boy of ten years, was at Ridgeville Center, in the winter of 1819. It was taught by Wyllys Terrel, a resident who lived near the school. It was the only school kept

in the township. Some fifty scholars were in attendance, and were classed as they were advanced in reading or spelling. They all used the same book, whose author was Noah Webster, a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, where he secured a copyright about the year 1800. In our spelling matches we chose sides, and the scholar that could spell best was sure of being the first choice. The books used for reading in the first and second class were "Columbian Orator" and "English Reader."

The school at Ridgeville was taught three months for twelve dollars per month, which was paid by the patrons in proportion to the number of scholars sent. The teacher boarded himself. We have thought that the schools of that day were more thoroughly watched, when their support came direct from the pockets of the people, than at present, when paid from public funds.

Old settlers remember the large amount of ague which we had in early times, when hardly a family could be found but had more or less subjects. In our cabin, in July, 1822, might be seen a father, brother and the writer, all drawn up at a time around a fire that would do credit to any winter day. Remedies were, to get up in the morning before the sun, go out, turn up a sod, breathing three times in the place where taken, then placing the sod back. Another remedy was to tie the sod with a string around a tree, doing it in the name of the Trinity. There will be many present at your meeting who could relate an experience with this once much-dreaded disease.

Thinking I have wearied your patience, I will ask pardon for the intrusion. Hoping that your meeting will be joyful, and that you will have friendly greetings, with a general shaking of hands and the renewing of old acquaintance, I bid you Godspeed. Yes, let us drive dull cares away. With hearty cheer and friendship for all, I am very respectfully yours,

LAUREL BEEBE.

SKETCH OF N. C. HILLS.

BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. MARIA L. BRAINARD.

Nathan Cushman Hills was born in the historic town of Bennington, Vermont, in the year 1805. His parents traced their genealogy back to the "Pilgrim Fathers," being the eighth generation from Robert Cushman, born in England in 1585. Being one of the founders of the Plymouth colony, he bought the ships *Mayflower* and *Fortune*, and came to America in 1620—died in 1625. Mr. Hills' grandfather, Charles Cushman, a highly respected deacon of the Presbyterian church, having served in the War of Independence, was interred in Bennington, Vermont, under the church—a place allotted to distinguished people—his grave being marked by an elaborate monument. Mr. Hills married Miss Sabrina Ann Loomis, of Whitehall, New York, in 1830, and came to Cleveland in 1831, there being then one thousand inhabitants. He has always been identified with the growth of the city since his first arrival; ever hopeful and cheerful with regard to the prosperity of the home of his choice. His first connection in business was with Samuel and William Lemen. His second was with Mr. D. H. Beardsley, who was canal collector, Mr. Hills acting as canal inspector, and was the first to hold that office. A strong attachment existed between the two while under government employ, as well as during their lives. Mr. Hills was a member of the First Baptist church for over fifty years. He passed away November 5, 1890, having reached the ripe old age of eighty-five, leaving a wife with whom he had celebrated a golden wedding, and had he been permitted to live one month longer, would have enjoyed a sixtieth wedding anniversary. A large family of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren live to cherish with fondest love the memory of one so identified with every event connected with a united family.

REMARKS OF HON. JOSEPH TURNEY.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is an unlooked-for honor to be called upon to make remarks, and in the presence of such gentlemen who have preceded me, is to me a double honor. I remember very distinctly Mr. Samuel Adams. He was our Sunday-school teacher in early days, and he was a pretty thorough one. I remember also our venerable president here, whom I always honored as one whom it will do for young men to pattern after. I don't say anything about the secretary, and I don't intend to. [Laughter.] He expected I would give him a little flattery, but not a bit of it.

Now, I remember a great many things that happened years ago, something less than a hundred. I also remember what was said by a great orator of Massachusetts, "There is Massachusetts. There she stands. Look at her." We as Reserve men can truly say, "Look at the Western Reserve." We feel proud of her.

I remember distinctly the time when we had but one flouring mill between here and Buffalo. I remember hearing the old inhabitants say—I am not old enough for this story myself—that they would get their grists together and two neighbors would go and take all the neighbors' grists to Buffalo, and when they came home they would have some flour. Previous to that time they didn't have any flour in the house, maybe for three months; would have corn-meal, and made corn bread and mush. I believe if our meals were now such as we used to have when we were young, we would live longer and be hardier. I think that overloading the stomach with this rich food has a bad tendency.

Now, I am going to talk about home places. I don't care anything about abroad places. I am going to talk a little about our homes, such as we find them to-day in looking over them. See this beautiful country we have to-day, when sixty or seventy years ago it was a wilderness—dotted over with beautiful cities and beautiful towns. What great mineral interests, agricultural interests, manufacturing

interests! Is it not something to be proud of? There are gentlemen here I remember very well. I have known them a lifetime. They are all pioneers. Nearly every one of these men have had axes on their shoulders. They have split rails. They have helped to purify the elements around them—helped to make this country what it is to-day. Haven't we done something? I remember well when I went into the woods and cut wood and piled it up, covered it with dirt and burnt charcoal, took the charcoal into the shop and did the blacksmithing for my neighborhood. I am none of your silver spoon gentlemen—I want you to understand that. I tell you I just love a man who started from the roots and has worked himself up, for I was poor when I started, and I hold my own well. [Laughter.] But I will tell you one thing, that energy and industry is the true line to success on the Reserve. When I come to meet you, as I trust I may, in Heaven, I want to take hold of a Western Reserve pioneer and shake him by the hand. I love them. There is something about them that is attractive and will attract you to them. Now, take friend Welsh over there. I remember when he used to bake the bread for the lunatic asylum. There he sits now as fresh as a rose. I remember that I took charge of the machinery in that institution, and I ran it pretty well, I thought; but they got men there after I got through that ran it better than I did. I was kind of a handy fellow, you understand that, but they got in a perfect mechanic afterwards. He knew all about it, and ran it better than I could; but I ran it for the time being in pretty good shape. Didn't I, brother Welsh? Speak right out, and none of this nodding and winking. I like to see a man speak right out.

If my wife was not here in the crowd I would tell you a story about our courtship. It was the funniest courtship any of you ever had in your life. [A voice, "Don't doubt it."] You better believe it, too. Now, all those things were pleasant. We all enjoyed ourselves. Mother used to give me a fried cake and a cuff side the ear and tell me to get out of the way. She only departed this life a few days ago, lacking seventeen days of being ninety-one years old. Now, didn't she live to a good old age? And here is our worthy

president, I believe in his ninety-first or ninety-second year. I will say, as I have said on this stand before, that there is something about a good man, an influence that he knows nothing about that he casts around him, an influence that does good. His children get the same identical ideas of right and wrong. His children will say, Look at my father! Would he do such a thing? No; he would not. Then I am going to pattern after my father. Then that influence is going to have its weight with the rising generations. Now, I presume every one of you fathers here to-day feel as though you had a good son, and I hope you have. The mothers more especially think so. If they have a boy, he is all right every time. I don't care how low you get a boy—get him into the gutter, where everybody kicks him and cuffs him—that fond mother will take that boy to her bosom and nurse him back to life again. Is not that grand? Is not the idea grand—that our love for our children is so strong and so great that we cannot give them up?

I am glad you called upon me for a few minutes to recognize my few remarks given in a feeble way, and I feel very grateful to you all.

And here is Mrs. Harris—I knew her husband when I was a little boy, and used to read the old *Cleveland Herald* at that time. He was an elegant man. I knew him personally and intimately. He spread the news of this country far and near. One peculiarity about the *Cleveland Herald* at that time was that whatever it said was true. If you can say that of all newspapers in the land you can stretch your imagination pretty well. [Applause.]

At the close of Mr. Turney's remarks, which were received with applause, the exercises of the day were concluded with the song of "Home, Sweet Home," charmingly rendered by the Arion Quartette, and followed with the doxology, in which the audience, rising, joined.

The day was one of unusual interest and enjoyment. The recitation by Miss Bassett was full of wit and humor, and given in a style of art that convulsed the audience, and did the lady, as an

elocutionist, great credit. The performance of the four University students on the banjo, led by Professor Luddicote, showed a high degree of skill, and delighted the audience. The presence of a goodly number of our aged and most respected citizens, who are members of the association, was noticed. Among the number was Mrs. Samuel Stockweather, who is in her eighty-second year, and was an interested spectator.

Mr. John Doan, the oldest member of the association, who was in his ninety-fourth year, occupied a seat on the platform.

Age appears to sit lightly on Mrs. J. A. Harris, one of the vice-presidents of the association. Mrs. Harris is eighty-one years of age, but she never misses a meeting, and is very bright and cheerful.

COMMUNICATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

MRS. THANKFUL C. BINGHAM.

The death of Mrs. Bingham, widow of the late Elijah Bingham, which occurred on the second of July at her late residence, No. 12 Cheshire street, seems, from her long-time residence and social relations in this city, to require more than a passing notice, though the present generation may not be greatly interested in those known as "early settlers." Thankful Cadwell Hutchinson was born in Alstead, New Hampshire, June 9, 1805. Her father, Major Samuel Hutchinson, was born in Ashford, Connecticut, July 9, 1779, and died in Alstead, May 14, 1819. He was a prosperous merchant. Her paternal grandfather, Elisha Hutchinson, was born in Sharon, Connecticut, December 22, 1749. He was in the first class of Dartmouth College, entering in the autumn of 1770, and graduating in 1775. He studied divinity, and was first ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Ashford, in March, 1778. He died at Newport, New Hampshire, April 19, 1833.

Miss Hutchinson and the late Elijah Bingham, then a lawyer of Alstead, were married there October 25, 1827. They removed to Cleveland in June, 1835, and this has been the family residence ever

since, and on Cheshire street since the autumn of 1845. Mr. Bingham was interested in the allotments on that street, and gave it the name of the county in New Hampshire from which he came. The large trees that line that street are of Mr. Bingham's planting in 1844. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, with many guests, celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Bingham, who was also a member of this Association, died July 10, 1881. Events that to the younger people seem far back in the history of this country, were within Mrs. Bingham's recollection. General Lafayette arrived in New York in September, 1824, and made a tour of the country. Mrs. Bingham was a pupil in Boston, and well remembered the reception given him there. The pupils passed in review before the General at the State House, and the "Welcome, Lafayette," "The Republic not Ungrateful," and the like sentiments displayed, were indelibly impressed on her memory. The fact that General Lafayette occupied a new house in Boston, newly furnished and with requisite servants all provided by the citizens of Boston, she also distinctly recollected. On June 22, 1825, General Lafayette was given a grand reception at Concord, New Hampshire. Mr. William A. Kent was chairman of the committee of arrangements, and the General was his guest. Mrs. Bingham, then Miss Hutchinson, an intimate friend of the family, was a guest at the same time, and gave interesting accounts to inquiring friends, of his personal looks and appearance, and of the fine military display, and the orchestral concert in the evening, and the general events of the occasion, including, especially, the affecting introduction of over two hundred soldiers of the war of the Revolution to the General in the State House. As reminiscences and coupling a well-known name, it may, perhaps, be mentioned that one of Jonas Chickering's early-made pianos was Mrs. Bingham's while a pupil, and that the first one of his manufacture received in Cleveland was by Mr. Bingham, and is yet in Mrs. Bingham's room as a holder of bric-a-brac.

Mrs. Bingham and her husband were charter members of the Second Presbyterian church of Cleveland, organized in 1844. This was the first overgrowth of the First Presbyterian church, under the pastoral care of the good and learned Rev. Samuel C. Aiken, D. D.

This church was then, and is largely yet, called "The Stone Church," because it was built of stone, and was, for many years, the only church edifice built of that material in the city, and stood where its present and larger successor now stands, at the north-west corner of Ontario street and Monumental Park.

A lady (Miss Jane W. Hutchinson) writing of Mrs. Bingham, says that "although of a gentle, quiet nature and of a retiring disposition, she was keenly alive to the warm sympathies of her friends, and retained to the end those social qualities that endeared her to many hearts. Her saintly Christian character seemed mirrored in the calm serenity of her face, which always expressed that heavenly peacefulness, showing that all conflict was over, and that God's will was her will. Her pastor (Rev. Charles S. Pomeroy, D. D.,) remarked at her funeral, that she preached louder to him every time he called to see her than ever he preached to his congregation, by her quiet way of living. In the home where she had lived over forty years, she was tenderly cared for in her declining years by her daughter, Mrs. Roland D. Noble." Mrs. Bingham was eighty-six years of age June 9, 1891.

R. D. N.

THOMAS JONES, JR., ANOTHER OLD RESIDENT, PASSES AWAY.

Thomas Jones, jr., ex-postmaster of Cleveland, a life-long resident of the city, and a brother of Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, and Judge J. M. Jones, died in Huron street hospital, November 19, 1890, as the result of injuries received by a fall to the basement of a building on the corner of Erie and Vincent streets. The deceased left a widow, who is a great invalid, and two children, Mr. Robert F. Jones and Mrs. C. M. Munhall. The family homestead is at No. 525 Case avenue. Mr. Jones was the oldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and his residence here dates from early boyhood. For many years he was in business in the marble and granite works

at the corner of Prospect and Sheriff streets, having been for a long time associated there with his brother, William Jones, who died several years ago. His term as postmaster preceded that of Major Armstrong, and he was the appointee of President Arthur, serving with credit to himself and the administration that appointed him. The manner of his death was especially sad. On Monday evening, November 18, he took some friends to the kirmess, and on returning stepped into the new building on the corner of Erie and Vincent streets, either to avoid the crowd going toward Music hall or to get out of the rain. The place was only partly floored, and he must have fallen through. At about nine o'clock Sergeant Sherman's attention was called to groans issuing from the cellar of the building, and Mr. Jones was found. He had sustained terrible injuries, both external and internal, and was delirious most of the time between then and the time of his death. His lucid intervals did not suffice to allow him to tell exactly how it happened.

Mr. Jones was 69 years of age, and especially well-preserved and robust. On the very day of his injury he served all day in a common pleas jury, acting as foreman, and paying the most undivided and intelligent attention to the testimony.

Mr. Jones was unconscious when he died. He was, however, laboring under considerable pain.

Thomas Jones, jr., was born in Herefordshire, in the parish of Cusop, on the banks of the river Wye, the little stream which divides England and Wales, on December 29, 1821. His parents, Thomas and Mary A. Jones, were of English and Welsh descent, combining in their characters and temperaments the best elements of these two hardy races. In 1831, when he was only nine years of age, his parents removed to America, and made their permanent home in Cleveland. He was the eldest of thirteen children, and remembered the long journey vividly, embracing, as it did, travel from Albany to Buffalo on a canal packet, and from thence to Cleveland on the steamer *Enterprise*. On reaching Cleveland the father established himself in the marble business, which he carried on until his death in 1871. The early days of Thomas Jones, jr., were spent

in the best schools afforded in Cleveland in those days. He attended the old academy on St. Clair street, and afterwards gave some time to John Stair's famous select school. When he was sixteen years of age he was employed in his father's marble factory, where he remained until about 1843, when the firm of Thomas Jones & Sons was formed, of which he became a partner. The firm was one of the leading ones. Among its works was the Perry monument that now adorns the Public Square. In 1861 he sold out his interest in the firm. In 1860 Mr. Jones was elected a member of the board of education, and continued to serve in that capacity until 1862, the last year as secretary. At that period the system of management of the schools through a superintendent and supervising principals had not yet been inaugurated, and the clerk of the board, in addition to his clerical duties, became its chief executive officer as well. In 1863 he was elected a member of the city council. The darkest days of the war were upon the country then, and it was largely through his efforts that the First Ward, which he represented, furnished its quota of men on call after call, and not a man was drafted within it. On the expiration of his term in 1865, he was made the nominee of both parties and unanimously re-elected. He had served as president of the council in 1864, and was re-elected to that position in 1865. In the absence of the mayor in 1865, he, as president of the council, served as acting mayor for three months. As a member of the committee on schools he became active in securing some of the best buildings the city ever possessed. His connection with the council closed in 1867. In August of that year he was tendered the position of assessor of internal revenue by President Andrew Johnson. He declined it, fearing that its acceptance would be equal to a change in political relations. In April, 1867, Mr. Jones was appointed collector of internal revenue, which position he held until 1870. The press warmly indorsed his administration. In April, 1870, he was elected city auditor, a position he held by successive elections until 1877. His record was good, and he effectually stopped the reckless expenditures that had been going on for years. He addressed many a pointed communication to the county upon

financial extravagance. In March, 1883, he was appointed by President Arthur to the postmastership of Cleveland, and was succeeded in that position by Major W. W. Armstrong.

He had also been the secretary of the Early Settlers' Association since the day of its organization. His funeral was largely attended by his many friends. He was truly a good man, and has left a noble record.

HIS CHAIR IS VACANT.

The death of Dr. Elisha Sterling, which occurred December 29, 1890, at his home, No. 123 Huntington street, places another bright name in the galaxy of eminent Cleveland men who won distinction and have passed away. Dr. Sterling was born in the State of New York, August 15, 1825. His parents came to this city in 1827, when there was not more than a few hundred persons in the village. The site of the old Sterling homestead is now the Andrews' mansion, at the corner of Euclid and Sterling avenues. Young Elisha early evinced mental vigor of an unusual degree, and having a desire to study medicine, he was taken into the office of the celebrated Dr. Ackley. At an early age he graduated from what was then the Cleveland Medical College, showing great promise as a surgeon. That was during the rioting and bloodshed in Paris, in the reign of the French Emperor, Louis Napoleon. Dr. Sterling at once proceeded to Paris and went to work in the hospitals, where he found abundant opportunity to develop his ability and observe the methods of the best French surgeons. He studied directly under Jean Victor Coste, a surgeon of wide fame. The skill of the young American was so apparent that the court physician invited him to perform a surgical operation upon Louis Napoleon.

He became acquainted with many celebrated men while abroad, and among them Baron von Humboldt, the great naturalist. In that manner Dr. Sterling's innate love for natural history, afterward so prominent, was undoubtedly stimulated. The young doctor while

in Europe, traveled more than twenty-five hundred miles on foot, studying the habits and customs of the people and pursuing his investigations in botany and natural history. In 1852 he returned to Cleveland and took up the practice of his profession.

In 1854 he married Miss Mary Hilliard and the same year joined a government expedition sent to California and Oregon. Through the influence of his friend, Dr. John S. Newberry, the eminent geologist, he was appointed the naturalist and surgeon of the expedition. In the party were Generals Sheridan, McCook and George Crook, the Indian fighter, then young army officers. When the war broke out, Dr. Sterling went to the front with General Barnett's light artillery as surgeon.

Dr. Sterling spent much time in his favorite pursuit—that of the naturalist. He was an expert taxidermist. His interest in fish culture is well known, and his name is recorded as one of the benefactors of the country whose efforts brought the government fish commission into existence. He was one of the founders of the Kirtland Society of Natural History, and a frequent contributor to magazines and periodicals of a scientific character. His love for birds and animals and his close observation of their habits made him an authority on the subject. At the same time his early promise as a surgeon was fulfilled. He practiced his profession, natural history not being his main pursuit in life. Some of his surgical operations gained for him a national reputation as being the first and most successful of their kind—notably the amputation of the tongue, followed by the recovery of the patient.

Dr. Sterling was one of the original members of the Ark, which will always remain one of the most prominent and striking figures in the history of Cleveland's vigorous young days. The father of William and Leonard Case had a little wooden office building on the Public Square, back of where the postoffice now stands. He gave it up to William, who became the agent of the Connecticut Land Company. William Case was a naturalist, and began the task of collecting specimens of every American bird. His friends who

were interested in the project enthusiastically aided him, among them Dr. Sterling, himself a naturalist and taxidermist; R. K. Winslow, who is a taxidermist; Colonel Stoughton Bliss, who was a good hunter; Captain Ben Stannard, who was a fine taxidermist; Leonard Case, George Stanley, J. J. Tracy, Edward Scoville, John Williamson, and a number of others whose names shine in the history of the city. They were a company of congenial spirits, and they called the little wooden office building the Ark, and became known themselves as the Arkites. William Case's collection of birds was completed to his satisfaction, but became damaged in later years, and was deftly restored by Captain Stannard. Part of it is in the possession of the Kirtland Society of Natural History and part of it remains in the present Ark. A collection of minerals was begun, and the Arkites took up the study of horticulture. The old Ark, where Dr. Sterling was a frequent visitor, has long gone the way of all temporal things; but when Case block was transferred to the trustees of Case library, the Arkites had rooms in it, and a life lease was given to fifteen of them. Of these fifteen, eight are now living, and the Ark still flourishes.

Twelve or thirteen years ago Dr. Sterling suffered from blood poisoning, contracted while performing a surgical operation, and for a time his life was despaired of. He never recovered his former health. During the last years of his life he suffered greatly from an injury to his ankle, received while getting off a street car, and entirely gave up the practice of his profession. Though he was not known to the younger generation, he will be missed by the older men, with whom he had active interests in the days that are gone.

Dr. Sterling leaves a widow, a son, Richard Sterling of Colorado, and four daughters, Mrs. Y. P. Morgan and Misses Agnes, Dora and Katherine.

PASSED FOUR-SCORE.

The funeral of Captain Lewis Dibble, who died April 13, 1891, took place from his home, corner of Superior street and Willson

avenue. The house was filled with the friends of the family, and the assemblage was notable especially for the large representation of pioneers who had known Captain Dibble for many years. A profusion of floral offerings covered the casket, and served as a testimonial of the esteem in which the venerable pioneer was held by his friends. The services were conducted by Rev. George R. Leavitt, D. D., the pastor of Plymouth church.

Dr. Leavitt preached an impressive discourse, in the course of which he said: "It is my privilege again as a minister of Jesus Christ to represent a religion that is for all times. It has a greeting for the new-born and a benediction for the dying. There is an invisible presence in the house of the dead, a vision to those who will look for it of things eternal. We are here to pay a tribute of respect to one of the most venerable citizens of Cleveland, and one who leaves few survivors of his generation. He passed the allotted three-score years and ten, reached four-score, and in the vigor that came from a peaceful and methodical life he passed even four-score years. He had a life that was prosperous—a peaceful life. His legacy to us is an honorable life, a life lived in integrity. He was faithful to his trusts, and his citizenship should serve as an example for young men. His intellectual strength and his interest in public affairs were his strong characteristics. We honor him also as a home-loving and home-keeping man. His kind and gentle affections, and withal his courage, are memorials that will be treasured by his friends. He had an abiding interest in religious affairs, and was a Bible-reading and Bible-loving man. His love of religion was perhaps most strongly expressed in his latter days."

The discourse closed with the reading of several passages from II. Corinthians. The singing at the services was by the Temple Quartette. The honorary pall-bearers were Hon. H. B. Payne, Harvey Rice, Judge Cleveland, Judge Heisley, Hon. W. W. Armstrong and Dudley Baldwin. The active bearers were Louis Dibble and Louis Shipherd, grandsons of Captain Dibble, and his nephews, Henry and Louis Stark, S. H. Thompson and Herbert Solloway. The interment was at Lake View Cemetery.

Captain Dibble came to Cleveland during the war of 1812, and his term of residence was probably longer than that of any other person in the city. He was born in New York on August 28, 1807, and a few years later his parents removed to Michigan. After Hull's surrender of Detroit they were obliged to flee to escape the Indians, and they came to this city. From 1823 to 1836 he sailed upon the lakes. He was a pupil of Hon. Harvey Rice, and through his strong love of books he acquired a wide range of knowledge. He was for a time lighthouse keeper, and he also served as superintendent of the marine hospital.—*Leader*.

AT A RIPE OLD AGE.

One of the oldest, most honored, and widely known citizens of Cleveland, Hon. John A. Foot, passed from life July 16, 1891, at the age of eighty-eight years. Of the early settlers of Cleveland none were more generally known nor more highly respected by the present generation than he. In his vigorous old age he devoted his energies to the growth and advancement of Cleveland. He was always at the front in progressive movements, and he took an active interest in charitable and educational work until the beginning of his last illness. Mr. Foot died at his home, No. 657 Woodland avenue. He was taken ill with la grippe on April 21, and that malady developed into a malignant form of pneumonia, which would have proved fatal at once but for his robust constitution, which repelled the disease. He recovered from the pneumonia, but his strength was gone. He did not rally sufficiently to regain his former vigor and lay upon a sick bed for three months, patiently waiting for the final summons. He died from no disease, the cause of his demise being the exhaustion incidental to old age.

John Alfred Foot was born in New Haven, Connecticut, November 22, 1803. His father, Samuel A. Foot, was governor of Connecticut and served his state successively as member and speaker of the leg-

islature, in the national house of representatives, and in the United States senate. While a member of the senate, Governor Foot introduced the historical resolution in reference to public lands, which brought up the great debate between Webster and Hayne. The elder brother of John A. Foot was Admiral Andrew H. Foot, of naval fame in the War of the Rebellion.

Mr. Foot was educated at Yale college, and graduated from that institution in the class of 1823. He studied law in Litchfield, where he was admitted to the bar. He practiced his profession in the courts of New Haven county for seven years. Mr. Foot took an early interest in politics, acting with the Whig party, and served two terms in the Connecticut legislature. He removed to this city in 1833, where he formed a law partnership with the late Judge Sherlock J. Andrews, which continued until 1848, when Mr. Andrews was elected to the bench. Mr. James M. Hoyt had been admitted to the firm in 1837, and after Judge Andrews' retirement Messrs. Foot and Hoyt continued the partnership. In 1854 Mr. Foot retired from the practice of his profession. Both of the firms of which he was a member enjoyed a high reputation and extensive practice at the Cleveland bar. In 1837 Mr. Foot was elected to the Ohio legislature by the Whigs, but the next year he declined a renomination. In 1839 and 1840 he was a member of the city council, and in the former year served as president of that body. A few years later he was the Whig nominee for Mayor, but there being three candidates in the field, the party vote was divided, and he was defeated and a Democrat elected. In 1853 he was elected to the state senate. When the Republican party was formed he became a firm adherent to its principles, and spared no honorable efforts to secure and maintain its supremacy. In all matters of local public interest he took an active part. He worked zealously to obtain public favor for the early railroad enterprises of this city, and it was largely due to his unwearied labors that the Bee Line stock subscription was brought up to the point required. This was at a time when the prospects for the success of the enterprise looked none too bright. He performed a similar service for the Cleveland & Pittsburgh rail-

road. He was a director of several railroads and a trustee of the Society for Savings. He was always actively interested in the work of juvenile education and reform in this city and state. When in the council he was on the school committee, and the first purchases of land for school purposes were then made. In 1856 Governor Chase appointed him one of the three commissioners selected to investigate the subject of establishing a state reform school. The Ohio Reform School system was the result of their labors, and it is acknowledged to be one of the most successful of the kind in the world. He was one of the three original reform school commissioners. In conjunction with Mr. Waterton and Hon. Harvey Rice, he was instrumental in organizing the Cleveland Industrial school and the Children's Aid society. In 1872, under appointment of the National society and under commission of the Governor of Ohio, Mr. Foot attended the International Penitentiary congress, held in London, to discuss prison reforms, the case of discharged prisoners, the prevention of crime, etc. He was prominently identified with the Early Settlers' Association. Mr. Foot was a member and elder of the First Presbyterian church. He was liberal in all religious and charitable works, and his patriotism, like his benevolence, was warm and earnest.

Mr. Foot was twice married, first to Miss Frances A. Hitchcock, of Cheshire, Connecticut, who died in 1855, and three years later to Mrs. Mary S. Cutter of this city, who survives him. He leaves three children, Mrs. M. H. Maynard of Marquette, Michigan, Mrs. Nellie Maynard, who is living in Germany, and Mr. John A. Foote, jr., of this city.

AN OLD CITIZEN GONE.

Wendell Wackerman, the oldest baker in Cleveland, died April 15, 1891, at his home, No. 546 Prospect street, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Wackerman was one of the best known and highly esteemed citizens of Cleveland. He was born March 16, 1817, in

Alsace-Lorraine. In 1831, with his twin brother, Michael, and his father, he came to this country, settling at Rochester, New York. He there learned the baker's trade, his brother going into the hair business. Mr. Wackerman came to Cleveland in 1833, with his employer, and lived here ever since; while Michael became established in his chosen calling in Rochester. He was in the employ of W. K. Wells, the confectioner on Superior street, where the Wade block now stands, and remained there until the outbreak of the Rebellion. He then went to Ontario street, and during the civil conflict his establishment was engaged in government work under contract, furnishing nearly all the bread used in the soldiers' camps about the city. His next location was at the corner of Erie and Prospect streets, where he continued in business until his retirement from active pursuits about three years ago.

Mr. Wackerman was taken sick with la grippe April 4, and heart failure set in April 9. He lingered conscious until the last, and passed away peacefully, surrounded by his entire family. Mr. Wackerman was a member of the First Baptist church, joining it when he first came to Cleveland.

SUDDEN DEATH OF ANOTHER EARLY SETTLER.

The death of John S. Harbeck occurred very unexpectedly April 16, 1891, at his home in East Cleveland, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a familiar figure on the streets. His snow white beard and hair gave him a venerable appearance, and the scrupulous taste exhibited in his attire always attracted attention. Mr. Harbeck attended the funeral of Mrs. A. P. Winslow April 15, and after his return became ill at the dinner table. He was removed to bed and his death followed in a few moments. The cause of his demise is supposed to have been heart disease.

D. W. CROSS DEAD.

Mr. D. W. Cross, an honored and influential citizen, quietly passed away at his late residence, No. 483 Euclid avenue, April 9, 1891. For several years Mr. Cross had lived in retirement, but he was known by every old citizen in this city and by a host of the younger generation. He was known because of his sterling worth and his acknowledged strength of character.

The deceased was 76 years of age and was enjoying comparatively good health up to a few days before his death. The symptoms were not considered at all alarming until the morning of April 9, at which time he seemed to lose consciousness, and he could not be aroused. He leaves a son, Mr. H. L. Cross, who is connected with the Cleveland Steam Gauge company, and two grandchildren, Charles W. and Jay Lee, aged 11 and 5 years respectively. The wife of the deceased passed away nearly sixteen years ago.

Mr. Cross was closely connected with the development of the vast coal land in this state. He was very fond of all legitimate sports, and was a potent but silent factor in many of the city charities. He was an enthusiastic and loyal Democrat, and many years of his life had been spent in public life.

D. W. Cross was born November 17, 1814, at Richland (now Pulaski), New York. He was educated at Hamilton college, and upon the completion of his studies in 1836, removed to Cleveland and began the study of law. While thus employed in 1837 he was appointed deputy collector of the port of Cleveland, and held that position, with a brief interruption, for eighteen years. He made an excellent record as an official. He continued his law studies, and in due time was admitted to the bar. In 1844 he joined Mr. Robert Parks in a law partnership, which continued till the death of Mr. Parks in 1860. In 1855 Mr. Cross entered upon an important enterprise. With Oliver H. Perry he purchased 150 acres of land, and leased several other tracts in the Mahoning valley. Perry & Cross entered actively into the business of coal mining. In

1859 Mr. Perry sold his interest to Hon. H. B. Payne, and the firm was continued as D. W. Cross & Co. In 1861 Isaac Newton became a member of the firm, and the business was greatly enlarged. In 1867 Mr. Cross retired from the firm, but continued to be interested in the coal business, and was long known as one of the most prominent dealers and operators in Ohio. He saw at an early day the importance of Cleveland having cheap coal in order to become a great manufacturing city. He has also been connected with important corporations, such as the Winslow Car Roofing company, the Cleveland Steam Gauge company and the Amherst Stone company. He has been identified with the Western Reserve Historical society and the Kirtland Society of Natural History. He was always fond of shooting and fishing, and was one of the founders of the Winous Point Shooting club, which owns over 10,000 acres of land near Sandusky bay. He was the author of a number of articles on angling, published in various periodicals.

ONLY ONE LEFT.

The death of Captain Jacob Weidenkopf occurred Wednesday, December 17, 1890, at his residence, No. 699 Cedar avenue. Mr. Weidenkopf was long one of the two surviving veterans of the Mexican war living in Cleveland. The other is Judge M. R. Dickey. Mr. Weidenkopf enlisted as a private in Company H, Fifteenth Ohio Regiment of United States Infantry, and was promoted to the rank of corporal in July, 1848. He fought in nearly all of the battles of the Mexican war, under Colonel Morgan, who is still living at Mt. Vernon. As a memento of his battles he was presented by Colonel Morgan with a piece of the old flag under which he fought, and he was often heard to say that he would not part with it for anything but his life. He also prized above money value a little shield made of one of the cannons behind which he fought, and on which were inscribed the names of the battles he was engaged in. He was a

true soldier from the day he entered the army to the day he died. He took great pleasure in recounting his experiences in the battles of Vera Cruz, Buena Vista and Chapultepec, which were the principal engagements in which he took part. Judge Dickey was not in the same regiment with him, having entered Company A, Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, under Captain Curtis, afterwards General Curtis. Mr. Weidenkopf received a commission in the late war as captain of Company A, First Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, but his health did not permit him to accept it. He was the last of his company of volunteers who went from Cleveland into the Mexican war. Only fifteen of the company returned to Cleveland after the war, and Mr. Weidenkopf never expected to survive all of them. He was one of the oldest residents of Cleveland, having settled here in 1837. He always had the best interests of the city at heart and made a large circle of friends.—*Leader*.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

The Cahoon family held a reunion at the old homestead in Dover township, October 10, 1890, in celebration of the eightieth anniversary of their settlement in Cuyahoga county. The close identification of members of this family with the early settlement and continued growth of the county made the affair a most enjoyable one as well as of deep public interest. To the Cahoons Dover owes its first grist mill and its first bride, the county owes one of its earliest, sturdiest pioneers and the state many of its leading citizens.

Joseph Cahoon, with his wife and eight children, came in a covered wagon from Vergennes, Vermont, and settled on Cahoon creek in the autumn of 1810. With the assistance of his elder sons and the few pioneers who had preceded him, he built a comfortable log cabin at the mouth of the creek and set about clearing away the timber and planting orchards and vineyards. Eight years later a more commodious house was erected in a most picturesque spot a short dis-

tance back from the lake, and this is the homestead in which his descendants live to-day and in which the reunion was held. In 1812 he established a mill at Ridgeville, Lorain county, and two years later built another near his home at the mouth of Cahoon creek. It is of interest that this mill was not only the first in the county west of the Cuyahoga river, but was raised on the day of Perry's victory. The neighbors had all gathered together to assist in the raising and heard the roar of the artillery. This mill has long since been torn down, and the two millstones occupy proud positions on the lawn.

Joel B. Cahoon, the eldest son, served through the war of 1812 and afterwards settled in the south. In 1842, his father having died, he returned, and taking charge of the farm lived the rest of his life in the county and was prominent in its affairs. His widow, Margaret A. Cahoon, is still living, 80 years of age, but in excellent health, and it was she who made the pies for the banquet. Seven children are living. J. Marshall Cahoon lives with his mother and sister, Martha W., at the homestead; Thomas H. lives at No. 374 Franklin avenue; John T. is in Memphis, Tenn., and Lydia E., Laura E. and Ida M. are teachers in the city schools and reside at No. 1916 Broadway.

In 1860 Joel B. Cahoon and his wife established the custom of holding a family reunion every October. Not only was the family gathered together on that day, but many friends and neighbors took part in the celebration. It was so enjoyable that the day was observed thereafter for twenty-two years. The older members of the family had nearly passed away in that time and the annual reunions ceased, but the younger generation still meet together once in every five years.

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.

JONAS CARPENTER, OF WEST VIRGINIA, AGED 149.

Jonas Carpenter was born in London county, Virginia, in the

year 1742, being now 149 years old. He is now (August 10, 1891) *enroute* for California on a visit to his son-in-law, who is over 80 years old, and is stopping over as the guest of W. T. Sawyer, a native of his own state.

To a reporter, Mr. Carpenter said: "I remember George Washington well. I saw him only once, when they brought the dead body of General Braddock back from his defeat. He was a fine, sprightly young fellow then."

The family Bible gives the date of Mr. Carpenter's birth as 1752, but at that time, he states, he was driving an ox team in General Braddock's army during the Indian wars of that period. He has an old \$40 Continental bill, which he received during the war for services as a teamster, and he has kept it ever since. After the wars he went back to Virginia. He was well acquainted, he says, with Daniel Boone, Simon Kent, and other famous men of their time, and when he first returned to his native state after the wars he hauled millstones around the country, getting a living that way. He was the first to discover the salt sulphur springs at Addison, Webster county, in 1785-6.

The only battle he remembers having participated in was that at Point Pleasant against the Shoshone Indians. He knew the Mingo Chief Logan, the chimney of whose old cabin is still standing to-day near the old man's place back in Virginia. Mr. Carpenter was also well acquainted with Sammy Linch, and helped him to bring the first whisky across the Alleghenies.

His principal business in those troublous times was to supply food to the fighters, and although he was a pioneer and hunter he does not remember having been in any other battles, except many with wild animals. He has in his possession a discharge receipt from Braddock's army in his capacity as a driver, an old flint-lock musket, and the type even before that in the shape of a giant match-lock gun.

His wife died some four-score years ago, and he has now a daughter living in Maine 80 years old, and a son-in-law in California about the same age. A son, who died some fifteen years ago, was

known under the title of "Devil Saul," being quite a good violinist, and having been in Aaron Burr's famous expedition. This was his oldest son, and was over 100 years old when he died.

Mr. Carpenter has never used either tobacco or whisky, and has never been so sick as to be unable to walk. He has taken coffee all his life with milk, but no sugar, except during the Civil war for a time, when the coffee supply was cut off.—*Wheeling Register*.

JOHN SHEPHERD, 118 YEARS OLD.

Robert and Margaret Engle moved from Canandaigua, New York, in the spring of 1816, and built a shanty on the place now owned by Mr. Montgomery, in Royalton township, Cuyahoga county, Ohio. The family then consisted of five persons: Mr. and Mrs. Engle, Mr. John Shepherd, Mrs. Engle's father, and two children, Robert and William. In the fall of the same year Thomas Francis and wife moved into Royalton; and as houses to let were scarce, they moved in with Mr. Engle's folks. The country at that time was infested by bears, deer, wolves and prowling bands of Indians. One day while the men were away locating land, preparatory to getting settled permanently for winter, Mrs. Engle, or "Aunt Peggy," as she was more familiarly called, heard unmistakable calls or whoops of Indians in the deep woods. She listened with bated breath to see if her fears were realized. Presently she heard them nearer, and could soon locate them upon a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant. Mrs. Francis was terribly frightened, as there were known to be hostile bands of Indians around killing and burning the homes of defenceless settlers, wherever opportunity offered. Mrs. Engle could endure this suspense no longer, so she told Mrs. Francis she would go and see what they wanted; and if they were bent on mischief she would meet her fate first, and not see her children butchered before her eyes. Mrs. Francis begged her not to go, but as she was a woman of undaunted courage, she started up the hill. When the Indians saw her

coming, the leader said, "Where white squaw come from?" She said, "From Canandaigua." "Oh!" said he, "We came from Canandaigua too." They proved to be a band of colonized Indians, come west in the deep woods to hunt. She talked with them for some time, as they could speak English, and finally asked them to come to her wigwam and have something to eat. They followed her down the hill. Mrs. Francis saw them coming, and expected they would be murdered; but Mrs. Engle said, "Don't be afraid, Betsy; they only want something to eat." She took them in and fed them, and they departed, with many thanks to white squaw for her hospitality.

John Shepherd drove the first wagon that ever came into Royalton. He was eighty-seven years old at the time. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and served under Washington at Braddock's Defeat. He always made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Engle, and lived to the age of 118 years, 9 months and 18 days.

Mr. Engle bought land on the river bottoms, but it was low and marshy, and not then a desirable place to live. So in the spring of 1817 he bought land upon the hill, and built the first log house, on the place where he always lived, and where he died in June, 1855.

In the winter of 1817 John Ferris and Henry Francis moved into town, who then, with the exception of B. Clark, who had settled in the east part of town, were the only settlers there. In the fall of 1819 occurred the famous Hinckley hunt, when the township was surrounded by the settlers, who closed in on 300 deer, 17 bears, 5 wolves and other small game, and killed them.

The settlement by that time had increased, so they thought to give it a name. Tradition says that Knight Sprague, a blind man, who moved from Royalton, Vermont, gave them a gallon of whisky to name the town, and they called it Royalton.

The first election was held at Mr Engle's house, November 9, 1818, when the general town officers were elected.

Mr. Engle was a noted trapper and hunter. He could kill a deer on sight every time, with his flint lock musket, and many a story could be told of his wonderful achievements in that capacity. As

wild game was the only meat to be obtained at that time, he thought nothing of going out before breakfast and securing a deer or bear for the morning's meal. In order to get provisions they had to go to Newburg, as it was then a larger place than Cleveland. And there were no roads, only blazed trees to indicate the way. Where the Weddell House now stands was then only a cornfield. When once asked why he didn't buy land in Cleveland instead of coming out to Royalton, he said, "Why, he wouldn't have taken a farm in Cleveland then as a gift, as it was nothing but a sand bank surrounded by scrub oaks.

Mrs. Engle was a woman of unusual courage and energy, and was well adapted for the hardships of a pioneer's wife. She thought nothing of mounting her saddle horse and going to Cleveland after the family supply of groceries, which was then both difficult and dangerous, as the woods were infested by wild beasts. As the country began to be cleared up they turned their attention to the raising of sheep, as that was the only available means of securing clothing for themselves and family. She taught her daughters to spin, and she wove it into cloth, not only for themselves, but for others, weaving hundreds of yards during the winter. Her loom could be heard until after midnight sometimes. Her daughters were clothed with the softest of flannels from her loom, while that which was calculated for men's wear was taken to a factory, about five miles, where it was colored, fulled and pressed into the nicest of full-cloth. The clothing for summer wear was made from the flax they raised, which was hatched and carded by hand, and then spun upon a small wheel for that purpose; after which it was woven into checks for aprons, sheets, tablecloths, and the tow was made into shirts or smocks for the men. She was also famous as a nurse, and in all her multitudinous cares found time to visit the sick and help minister to their wants. She was always ready to help the poor and needy, and shed the sympathizing tear with those in distress. Thus she lived an active and useful life. She lived on the old homestead until 1863, when she went to Berea to live with her daughter, Mrs. Ad-

aline Lawrence, where she died in January, 1871, aged 79 years and 9 months.

The immediate descendants of Robert and Margaret Engle, now living, are Robert Engle, Mosierville, Hillsdale county, Michigan; William Engle, Berea, Ohio; Mrs. Emily Delong, Copley, Ohio; Mrs. Adaline Lawrence, Berea, Ohio; Alonzo Engle, Igo, Shasta county, California; Laura Engle of Royalton, Mrs. Amaret Enos of Royalton and Mrs. Fidelia Lawson of Cleveland.

And thus we meet to-day, not in a howling wilderness, but in a village with schools and churches, and surrounded by the comforts of life, knowing nothing of the hardships and privations our ancestors endured to secure for us the blessings we now enjoy.

A. E. E.

DEATH OF MR. MEYER STRAUSS.

Mr. Meyer Strauss of Cleveland celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth Wednesday, March 4, and died April 19, 1891, at his residence. He was quite feeble at the time of his birthday anniversary, and was obliged to keep to his bed during the day.

A CENTENARIAN'S DEATH.

Mrs. Kate Murphy died at her home, No. 149 Marble street, in May, 1891, at the advanced age of 101 years. The cause of death was old age. Mrs. Murphy was born in Ireland in 1791. She resided in Cleveland during the past twenty-five years.

FREAK OF A THUNDERBOLT.

A thunderbolt played a very impertinent prank on Mrs. D. A. Baker, at her home in Warrensville, recently, and nearly seared the lady out of her wits at the same time, says the *Hartford Courant*. A rollicking thunderstorm was rolling overhead, when suddenly a

bolt shot down the big chimney of the old house, glanced out into the kitchen, where Mrs. Baker was busy with household chores, smashed a lot of dishes, and then, in a twinkling, whisked a pair of spectacles off the good woman's nose and smashed them in her lap. Mrs. Baker was not injured in the least.

GRAVE OF MOSES CLEVELAND.

In an old cemetery in Canterbury is the grave of Moses Cleveland, the founder one hundred years ago of the Ohio city of that name. The stone is inscribed as follows:

MOSES CLEVELAND, ESQ.,
Died November 16, 1806;
Aged fifty-two.

In an adjoining lot are two tables, such as were erected in memory of the dead many years ago, in memory of his parents.

The one which is over his father's grave has the following inscription upon it:

In memory of Col. Aaron Cleveland, who died of a fit of the apoplexy on the 14th day of April, 1785, Aet 57. Born on the 7th day of Dec'r, 1727. On the 17th of June A. D., 1782, when in the bloom of health and prime of life, was struck with the Numb Palsy: From that time to his death had upwards of sixty fits of the Palsy and Apoplexy.—He was employed in sundry honourable offices, both civil and military.

Calm and composed, my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles and no heart that aches.
Adieu! thou Sun, all bright like here arise,
Adieu! dear friends, and that's good and allwise.

—*Hartford Courant.*

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Since its Organization, November 19, 1879, to September 1, 1890.
Total, 893.

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Abbey, Seth A.	New York,	1798	1831	1880
Ackley, J. M.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Adams, C. D.	Ohio,	1848	1848
Adams, C. M.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Adams, Mrs. C. M.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Adams, Darius	Ohio,	1810	1810
Adams, Edwin E.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Adams, Mrs. Edwin E.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Adams, Geo. H.	England,	1821	1840
Adams, Mrs. Geo. H.	New York,	1822	1849
Adams, Joseph J.	New York,	1835	1840
Adams, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1811	1811	1885
Adams, Sam'l E.	New York,	1818	1837
Adams, Mrs. S. E.	Vermont,	1819	1839
Adams, Wm. K.	New York,	1812	1831	1882
Addison, H. M.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Addison, Mrs. H. M.	Pennsylvania,	1825	1844
Aiken, Mrs. E. E. B.	New York,	1821	1835
Akers, Mrs. Catherine	Ireland,	1818	1847
Akers, W. J.	England,	1845	1847

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Alleman, Mrs. C. J.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Allen, James M.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Allen, John W.	Connecticut,	1802	1825	1887
Amy, Adelia	Ohio,	1827	1827
Andrews, Mrs. J. A.	Ohio,	1816	1816	1889
Andrews, Marion T.	New York,	1807	1832
Andrews, Sherlock J.	Connecticut,	1801	1825	1880
Angell, George	Germany,	1830	1838	1885
Anthony, Ambrose	Massachusetts,	1810	1834	1886
Atwell, C. R.	New York,	1813	1817
Austin, Mrs. Ann D.	England,	1821	1846
Avery, Rev. J. T.	New York,	1810	1839
Avery, W. G.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Avery, H.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Babcock, Chas. H.	Connecticut,	1823	1834
Babcock, P. H.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Babcock, Mrs. P. H.	Ohio,	1841	1841
Bailey, John M.	New York,	1820	1835	1886
Bailey, Robert	Ireland,	1810	1834	1890
Baker, Mrs. S. G.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Baldwin, Charles C.	Connecticut,	1834	1835
Baldwin, Dudley	New York,	1809	1819
Baldwin, Mrs. Dudley	Ohio,	1810	1833
Baldwin, Norman C.	Connecticut,	1802	1816	1887
Ballou, Loring V.	Massachusetts,	1813	1838
Banton, Thomas	England,	1816	1832	1891
Barber, Josiah	Ohio,	1825	1825	1884
Barber, Mrs. J. T.	New Hampshire,	1804	1818	1887
Bardwell, J. N.	New York,	1835	1838
Bardwell, Mrs. J. N.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Barnett, James	New York,	1821	1825
Barnett, Mrs. M. H.	Germany,	1822	1835
Barney, Lucius	Vermont,	1804	1822	1890
Barr, Mrs. Judge John	Connecticut,	1820	1837

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Bartlett, Nicholas	Massachusetts,	1822	1833
Bartlett, Mrs. S. A.	Connecticut,	1813	1834
Bartram, Wheeler	Connecticut,	1808	1829	1887
Bauder, Levi	New York,	1812	1830	1882
Bauder, L. F.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Beanston, John	Scotland,	1810	1837	1890
Beardsley, I. L.	New York,	1819	1838
Beardsley, Mrs. I. L.	New York,	1821	1836
Beardsley, Lester C.	New York,	1833	1839
Beardsley, Mrs. L. C.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Beavis, Benj. R.	England,	1826	1834	1884
Beck, Geo. D.	England,	1831	1840
Becker, Michael	Germany,	1824	1836
Beckwith, M. E.	New York,	1823	1825	1887
Beckwith, Mrs. M. E.	Canada,	1819	1838
Beers, Mrs. L. Emma	New York,	1824	1831	1890
Beers, D. A.	New Jersey,	1816	1818	1880
Beers, L. F.	Ohio,	1823	1823	1891
Belden, Mrs. Silas	New York,	1808	1840	1890
Benedict, L. D.	Vermont,	1827	1830
Benham, F. M.	Connecticut,	1801	1811	1890
Bennet, Jane	Shetland Isle,	1803	1837
Bently, W.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Berghoff, Peter	Germany,	1817	1834	1890
Berry, George W.	England,	1822	1841
Berry, Mrs George W.	England,	1825	1843
Berg, John	Germany,	1817	1842	1889
Beverlin, John	Pennsylvania,	1813	1834
Beverlin, Mrs. Gracia M.	Ohio,	1817	1842
Bingham, Elijah	New Hampshire,	1800	1835	1881
Bingham, Mrs. Elijah	New Hampshire,	1805	1835	1891
Bingham, William	Connecticut,	1816	1836
Bingham, Mrs. E. Beardsley	Ohio,	1822	1826
Bishop, Mrs. E. W.	Ohio,	1821	1821	1886

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Bishop, Jesse P.	Vermont,	1826	1836	1881
Blackwell, Benj. T.	New Jersey,	1808	1832
Blackwell, Mrs. T. J.	Connecticut,	1816	1817
Blair, Elizabeth	Ohio,	1820	1820
Blair, H. L.	New York,	1828	1832
Blair, Mary Jane	Ohio,	1818	1818
Blee, Robert	Ohio,	1838	1838
Blish, Mrs. A. M.	New York,	1826	1837
Bliss, Stoughton	Ohio,	1823	1823
Blossom, H. C.	Ohio,	1822	1822	1883
Bolton, Mrs. Thos.	New York,	1822	1833
Borges, J. F.	Germany,	1810	1835	1890
Bosworth, Mrs. L.	New York,	1828	1847
Bosworth, Milo	New York,	1806	1841
Boulton, Marian	England,	1807	1852
Bowler, N. P.	New York,	1820	1839
Bowler, Arvilla M. R.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Bowler, William	New York,	1822	1833
Boynton, Silas A.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Brainard, Geo. W.	New Hampshire,	1827	1834
Brainard, Mrs. G. W.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Brainard, Mrs. Stephen	Massachusetts,	1802	1815
Branch, Dr. D. G.	Vermont,	1805	1833	1880
Branch, Mrs. Eliza	Vermont,	1814	1819	1887
Brayton, H. F.	New York,	1812	1836	1888
Breck, J. H.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Brett, J. W.	England,	1816	1838
Brooks, Dr. M. L.	Connecticut,	1813	1818
Brooks, O. A.	Vermont,	1814	1834
Brooks, S. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Brooks, Caroline	Ohio,	1821	1821
Brown, Hiram	Michigan,	1823	1837
Brown, Mrs. Hiram	England,	1822	1832
Brush, Col. I. E.	New York,	1803	1846

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died..
Buckley, Hugh, Jr.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Buell, Anna M.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Buhrer, Stephen	Ohio,	1825	1844
Buhrer, Mrs. Stephen	Germany,	1828	1840	1889
Bull, Lorenzo S.	Connecticut,	1813	1820
Burgess, Catharine	New Jersey,	1800	1830	1891
Burgess, L. F.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Burgess, Solon	Vermont,	1817	1819
Burke, Rachel C.	New York,	1820	1823
Burke, O. M.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Burke, Thomas	New York,	1832	1839
Burnham, Thomas	New York,	1808	1833
Burnham, Mrs. M. W.	Massachusetts,	1808	1838	1887
Burnett, Mrs. F. M.	Ohio,	1832	1832	1888
Burton, Mrs. Abby P.	Vermont,	1805	1824	1889
Burton, Dr. E. D.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Burton, Rev. Lewis	Pennsylvania,	1815	1847
Burton, Mrs. Jane W.	Ohio,	1821	1847
Burton, Emeline A.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Burwell, Geo. P.	Connecticut,	1817	1830	1891
Burwell, Mrs. L. C.	Pennsylvania,	1820	1824
Bury, Theodore	New York,	1827	1839
Butler, Cordelia L.	Massachusetts,	1836	1840
Butts, Bolivar	New York,	1826	1840
Butts, Caleb S.	New York,	1794	1840	1888
Byerly, Mrs. F. X.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Cahoon, Joel B.	New York,	1793	1810	1882
Cahoon, Mrs. J. B.	Washington, D. C.	1810	1842
Cahoon, Thos. H.	Maryland,	1832	1842
Callister, J. J.	Isle of Man,	1818	1842
Callister, Mrs. M.	Isle of Man,	1824	1828
Cannell, John S.	Isle of Man,	1801	1828	1886
Cannell, Mrs. Jane	Isle of Man,	1800	1827
Cannell, Thomas	Isle of Man,	1805	1834	1884

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Cannell, William	Isle of Man,	1811	1837	1891
Cannon, James	Isle of Man,	1814	1827
Cannon, Mrs. James	New York,	1820	1822
Cannon, Jas. H., Sen.	Massachusetts,	1821	1833
Cannon, James C.	Ohio,	1841	1841
Cannon, Phillip	Isle of Man,	1816	1827
Capener, Dr. W. H.	England,	1831	1838
Card, J. F.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Carlton, C. C.	Connecticut,	1812	1814
Carran, Robert	Isle of Man,	1812	1836
Carson, Marshall	New York,	1810	1834	1882
Cary, Mrs. Mary S.	Canada,	1835	1838
Case, Zophar	Ohio,	1804	1818	1884
Case, Geo. L.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Castle, Mrs. M. N.	Vermont,	1818	1838
Champney, Mrs. J. P.	Massachusetts,	1824	1841
Chandler, R. H.	England,	1823	1844
Chandler, Mrs. R. G.	England,	1845
Chapman, Mrs. E. C.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Chapman, Mrs. Eliza Harris	New Hampshire,	1805	1827	1885
Chapman, Geo. L.	Connecticut,	1798	1819	1890
Chapman, H. M.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Charles, J. S.	New York,	1818	1832
Christian, James	Isle of Man,	1810	1838	1886
Clapp, H. H.	Ohio,	1812	1812
Clapp, Mrs. Thomas J.	Ohio,	1812	1812	1886
Clark, James F.	New York,	1809	1833	1884
Clark, David	England,	1818	1840
Clark, Mrs. E. A.	New York,	1825	1835
Clarke, Aaron	Connecticut,	1811	1832	1881
Clarke, Mrs. Aaron	Connecticut,	1818	1843	1891
Cleveland, Horace G.	Connecticut,	1837	1839	1888
Cleveland, James D.	New York,	1822	1835
Coakley, Mrs. Harriet D.	New Jersey,	1797	1814	1884

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Coe, A. J.
Coe, Mrs. A. J.
Coe, S. S.	New York,	1819	1837	1883
Cogswell, B. S.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Cogswell, S. J.	Massachusetts,	1808	1826
Colahan, Charles	Ohio,	1836	1836
Colahan, Samuel	Canada,	1808	1814
Cole, David E.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Colyer, Lydia	England,	1820	1830
Condit, Mrs. Phebe	New Jersey,	1797	1807	1890
Cooke, W. P.	New York,	1825	1838	1884
Cooley, Rev. Lathrop	New York,	1821	1828
Coon, John	New York,	1822	1837
Corlett, John	Isle of Man,	1816	1836
Corlett, Mrs. M. H.	New York,	1829	1833
Corlett, Rev. Thomas	Isle of Man,	1817	1827	1889
Corlett, Wm. K.	Isle of Man,	1820	1837
Cottrell, L. Dow	New York,	1811	1835	1889
Cottrell, Mrs. L. Dow	New York,	1811	1833	1888
Cowles, Edwin	Ohio,	1825	1825	1890
Cowle, Richard	Ohio,	1827	1827
Cowle, Mrs. Richard	Ohio,	1833	1833
Cox, Miss Jane M.	England,	1829	1834
Cox, John	England,	1802	1832	1889
Cozad, Elias	New Jersey,	1790	1808	1880
Cozzens, Mary H.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Crable, John	Germany,	1828	1833
Cranney, Miss C. A.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Craw, William V.	New York,	1810	1832
Crawford, Lucian	Ohio,	1828	1828
Crawford, Mary E.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Cridland, E. J. H.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Crittenden, Mrs. M. A.	New York,	1802	1827	1882
Crocker, Mrs. Deborah	New York,	1796	1801	1881

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Crosby, Mary A.	Ohio,	1813	1813
Crosby, Thomas D.	Massachusetts,	1804	1811
Cross, David W.	New York,	1814	1836	1891
Curtiss, L. W.	New York,	1817	1834	1891
Curtiss, Mary E.	Ohio,	1821	1840
Curtiss, Samuel	England,	1822	1835
Curtiss, Mrs. Samuel	England,	1824	1830
Curtiss, S. H.	Ohio,	1846	1846
Cushing, Dr. Erastus	Massachusetts,	1802	1835
Cushman, Mrs. H.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Cutter, O. P.	Ohio,	1824	1824
Davidson, C. A.	New York,	1836	1837
Davidson, Mary E.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Davis, L. L.	Connecticut,	1793	1839	1886
Davis, Mrs. Cynthia	Pennsylvania,	1818	1839	1891
Davis, Alfred	Sweden,	1814	1838	1885
Davis, Mrs. Betsey	New York,	1816	1836
Davis, Julia E.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Davis, Thomas	England,	1798	1819	1885
Day, L. A.	Ohio,	1812	1812
Dean, John	Ohio,	1823	1823
DeForrest, T. R.	New York,	1811	1834	1887
DeForest, Cyrus H.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Degnon, Mrs. M. A.	New York,	1814	1837
Denham, J. L.	Scotland,	1810	1835	1884
Denham, Mrs. Elizabeth	New York,	1816	1835	1886
Denzer, Daniel	Germany,	1815	1832	1887
Denzer, Mrs. Sarah	England,	1824	1837
Detmer, G. H.	Germany,	1801	1835	1883
Deweese, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Dibble, Lewis	New York,	1807	1812	1891
Diebolt, Fred.	Ohio,	1840	1840	1890
Diemer, Peter	Germany,	1827	1840
Diemer, Mrs. Frederika	Germany,	1830	1840

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Doan, Mrs. C. L.	Connecticut,	1816	1834
Doan, E. B.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Doan, George	Ohio,	1828	1828
Doan, Mrs. George	New York,	1837	1846
Doan, J. W.	Ohio,	1833	1833	1889
Doan, Norton	Ohio,	1831	1831
Doan, Seth C.	Ohio,	1819	1819	1890
Doan, W. H.	Ohio,	1828	1828	1890
Doan, Mrs. W. H.	New York,	1833	1844
Doane, John	New York,	1798	1801
Dockstader, J. C.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Dodge, George C.	Ohio,	1813	1813	1883
Dodge, Mrs. G. C.	Vermont,	1817	1820
Dodge, Henry H.	Ohio,	1810	1810	1889
Dodge, Wilson S.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Dorsett, Jno. W.	England,	1822	1832
Douw, Mrs. Melissa	New York,	1809	1831
Dow, Eliza A.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Downs, Mrs. Elizabeth	England,	1806	1834	1886
Drumm, Mrs. J.	Germany,	1813	1835
Dunham, David B.	New York,	1811	1831	1887
Dunn, Mrs. E. Ann	New York,	1828	1834
Dunn, Joseph	England,	1820	1834
Dutton, Dr. C. F.	New York,	1831	1837
Duty, D. W.	New Hampshire,	1804	1808	1887
Eckermann, Caroline	Germany,	1807	1842
Eckermann, M.	Germany,	1808	1842	1890
Eddy, Mrs. J. Selden	Ohio,	1835	1835
Edgerton, Sardis	Massachusetts,	1808	1830	1890
Edgerton, Sardis, Jr.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Edwards, John R.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Edwards, Mary M.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Edwards, Rodolphus	Ohio,	1818	1818	1890
Edwards, Mrs. S.	New York,	1819	1830

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Elwell, J. J.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Ely, Mrs. Alfred	Massachusetts,	1837	1838
Emerson, Oliver	Maine,	1804	1821	1890
Emerson, Mrs. Oliver	Vermont,	1816	1845
Erwin, John	New York,	1808	1835	1887
Fairbanks, A. W.	New Hampshire,	1817	1835
Fairbanks, Mrs. A. W.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Farr, E. S.	Pennsylvania,	1805	1819
Farwell, J. J.	Vermont,	1821	1836
Ferris, William	Pennsylvania,	1808	1815	1890
Ferris, Amanda	Vermont,	1808	1820	1884
Fey, Frederick	Germany,	1810	1832	1883
Fish, Electa	New York,	1808	1811	1888
Fitch, James	New York,	1821	1827
Fitch, Jabez W.	New York,	1823	1826	1884
Fitch, Miss Sarah E.	New York,	1819	1826
Flint, E. S.	Ohio,	1819	1838
Flint, Mrs. E. S.	New York,	1824	1830
Foljambe, Samuel	England,	1804	1824	1889
Folsom, Mrs. R. L.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Foot, Augustus E.	Connecticut,	1810	1830	1883
Foot, John A.	Connecticut,	1803	1833	1891
Foot, Mrs. John A.	Pennsylvania,	1816	1832
Foot, L. P.	Ohio,	1817	1817
Foote, L. P.	Germany,	1837	1848
Ford, L. W.	Massachusetts,	1830	1841
Freeman, George	Vermont,	1817	1835	1889
Freese, Andrew	Maine,	1816	1840
French, Collins	New York,	1808	1828	1889
Fuller, Charles H.	Ohio,	1849	1849
Fuller, William	Connecticut,	1814	1836	1885
Fuller, S. A.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Gage, D. W.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Gage, Mrs. D. W.	Ohio,	1847	1847

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Gale, Mrs. Susan	_____	1815	1834
Gardner, A. S.	Vermont,	1809	1818
Gardner, Mrs. A. S.	Ohio,	1814	1814
Gardner, George W.	Massachusetts,	1834	1837
Gardner, O. S.	Ohio,	1840	1840	1887
Garfield, Mrs. Sophia	Vermont,	1811	1811	1890
Gates, S. C.	New York,	1813	1824	1885
Gaylord, Erastus F.	Connecticut,	1795	1834	1884
Gaylord, Mrs. Erastus F.	New York,	1801	1834	1888
Gaylord, H. C.	Connecticut,	1826	1834
Gaylord, Wilbur H.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Gayton, Mrs. M. A.	England,	1808	1832	1884
Geronld, Mrs. Julia Clapp	Ohio,	1843	1843
Gibbons, James	Ohio,	1840	1840
Gibbons, John W.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Gibbons, Mrs. M. B.	Ireland,	1829	1838
Giddings, Mrs. C. M.	Michigan,	1805	1827	1886
Giffin, Wm.	New York,	1815	1835
Giffin, Mrs. J. W.	Vermont,	1816	1833
Gilbert, Mrs. Mary D.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Gill, Mrs. M. A.	Isle of Man,	1812	1827	1889
Given, William	Ireland,	1819	1841
Given, Mrs. M. E.	Ohio,	1825	1825	1884
Gleason, Isaac L.	Ohio,	1825	1825	1889
Gleason, Mrs. Isaac L.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Gleason, William J.	Ireland,	1846	1847
Glidden, Joseph	Vermont,	1810	1834
Goodwin, William	Ohio,	1838	1838
Goodwillie, Mrs. T.	Ohio,	1847	1847
Gordon, William J.	New Jersey,	1818	1835
Gorham, J. H.	Connecticut,	1807	1838	1881
Graham, Robert	Pennsylvania,	1814	1834	1886
Granger, Mrs. Lucy	England,	1818	1832
Greene, S. C.	Ohio,	1822	1841

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Greenhalgh, Robert	England,	1828	1840
Gribben, Mrs. Jno. P.	Pennsylvania,	1814	1843
Griffith, John H.	New York,	1836	1836
Griswold, Seneca O.	Connecticut,	1823	1841
Griswold, E. R.	Connecticut,	1824	1847
Groff, H. R.	Pennsylvania,	1827	1833
Guyles, W. B.	New York,	1815	1843
Hadlow, H. R.	England,	1808	1835	1890
Hall, R.	Ohio,	1827	1827
Hall, Mrs. Mariette	New York,	1829	1835
Haltnorth, Mrs. G.	Prussia,	1819	1836
Hamilton, A. J.	Ohio,	1833	1833
Hamilton, Edwin T.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Hamilton, Mrs. E. T.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Hamlen, C. L.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Hamlen, C. A. J.	Connecticut,	1804	1816	1889
Hammich, Mrs. David W.	Massachusetts,	1832	1840
Hanchett, Erastus	New York,	1828	1833
Handerson, Miss H. F.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Handy, T. P.	New York,	1807	1832
Harbeck, John S.	New York,	1807	1840	1891
Harper, E. R.	Ohio,	1812	1816
Harper, Job W.	England,	1830	1835
Harper, Mrs. J. W.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Harris, B. C.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Harris, B. E.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Harris, Mrs. J. A.	Massachusetts,	1810	1829
Haskell, George H.	New York,	1801	1835
Hastings, S. L.	Massachusetts,	1813	1836
Hawkins, Henry C.	Ohio,	1822	1822
Hawkins, J. W.	Ohio,	1822	1845
Hawley, Mrs. A.	Connecticut,	1826	1840
Hayden, Rev. A. S.	Ohio,	1813	1835	1880
Hayward, Wm. H.	Connecticut,	1822	1825

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Heil, Henry	Germany,	1810	1832	1884
Heisel, N.	Germany,	1816	1834
Heller, Israel B.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Hemenway, Arthur	New York,	1816	1836
Hendershot, Geo. B.	Ohio,	1826	1826
Henry, R. W.	New York,	1809	1818
Herrick, R. R.	New York,	1826	1836
Hessenmueller, E.	Germany,	1811	1836	1883
Heward, Mrs. Thomas	England,	1823	1835
Hickox, Charles	Connecticut,	1810	1837	1890
Hickox, Mrs. Charles	Ohio,	1819	1843
Hickox, Charles G.	Ohio,	1846	1846
Hickox, Charlotte T.	New Hampshire,	1818	1862	1889
Hickox, Frank F.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Hight, Thomas M.	England,	1820	1844
Hill, John J.	Ohio,	1847	1847
Hillman, Wm. B.	New York,	1819	1831
Hills, Chas. A.	England,	1818	1843	1891
Hills, Mrs. Mary	Scotland,	1821	1843	1891
Hills, N. C.	Vermont,	1805	1831	1890
Hills, Mrs. N. C.	New York,	1811	1831
Hine, Henrietta	Ohio,	1810	1810
Hird, Thomas	England,	1808	1830	1882
Hird, Mrs. Wm.	England,	1816	1832
Hoadley, Mrs. J. R.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Hodge, O. J.	New York,	1828	1837
Hollister, Geo.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Honeywell, Ezra	New York,	1802	1831
Horton, Dr. Wm. P.	Vermont,	1823	1844
Hosley, Almira	Connecticut,	1826	1840
Hough, Mrs. Mary Peet	Ohio,	1815	1816
House, Caroline M.	Ohio,	1838	1838
House, Harriet	Connecticut,	1799	1818	1886
House, Harriet F.	Ohio,	1826	1826

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
House, Martin	Vermont,	1830	1835
House, Samuel W.	Ohio,	1823	1823	1891
Howard, A. D.	Connecticut,	1803	1834	1887
Howe, Wm. A.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Howland, James	England,	1819	1846
Howlett, George	England,	1825	1832
Howlett, Mrs. George	Connecticut,	1829	1834
Hoyt, George	Ohio,	1838	1838
Hoyt, James M.	New York,	1815	1836
Hubbell, Harriet	England,	1823	1824	1886
Hubbell, H. S.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Hubbell, Louisa	New Hampshire,	1808	1808
Hubbell, O. C.	Ohio,	1818	1818	1890
Hubby, L. M.	New York,	1812	1839
Hudson, Asa S.	Ohio,	1833	1833
Hudson, D. D.	Pennsylvania,	1824	1837
Hudson, Mrs. D. D.	France,	1825	1834
Hudson, Mrs. C. Ingersoll	Ohio,	1819	1819
Hudson, W. P.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Hughes, Arthur	Vermont,	1807	1840	1890
Hughes, Mrs. Eliza	New York,	1814	1844	1891
Humphrey, Mrs. Judge Van R.	1807	1807
Hurd, G. H.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Hurd, H. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Hurlbut, Mrs. H. A.	Vermont,	1809	1834	1882
Hurlbut, H. B.	New York,	1818	1836	1884
Hurlbut, Mrs. H. B.	New York,	1818	1836
Hutchins, John	Ohio,	1812	1812
Ingersoll, John	Ohio,	1824	1824
Ingham, W. A.	Connecticut,	1823	1832
Jackson, Charles	England,	1829	1835
Jaynes, Harris	Ohio,	1835	1835	1885
Jayred, Wm. H.	New Jersey,	1831	1833
Jewett, Alva A.	Ohio,	1821	1821

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Jewett, Mrs. A. A.	Ohio,	1820	1820	1884
Johnson, A. M.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Johnson, Charlotte A.	Pennsylvania,	1818	1821	1887
Johnson, David	Ohio,	1814	1835
Johnson, Mrs. L. D.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Johnson, Mrs. Mary R.	New York,	1822	1833	1889
Johnson, Philander L.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Johnson, Seth W.	Connecticut,	1811	1833
Johnson, W. C.	Connecticut,	1813	1835	1885
Jones, Geo. W.	Connecticut,	1812	1820
Jones, Rev. J. D.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Jones, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1813	1813
Jones, Mary J.	New York,	1821	1835
Jones, Mrs. J. P.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Jones, Thos., Jr.	England,	1821	1831	1890
Jones, W. S.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Keith, Myron R.	New York,	1819	1832
Keith, Mrs. M. R.	New York,	1824	1843
Keller, Elizabeth	Germany,	1817	1836	1889
Keller, Henry	Germany,	1810	1832
Kelley, Horace	Ohio,	1819	1819	1890
Kelley, Mrs. Moses	Connecticut,	1807	1832	1889
Kellogg, Alfred	Ohio,	1820	1820
Kellogg, Louisa	Ohio,	1821	1821	1885
Kellogg, Elizabeth A.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Kelly, John	Pennsylvania,	1809	1832	1887
Kelsey, Lorenzo A.	New York,	1803	1837	1890
Kelsey, Mrs. Lorenzo A.	Connecticut,	1806	1837
Kerr, Levi	Ohio,	1822	1822	1885
Kerruish, W. S.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Keyser, James	New York,	1818	1832
Keyser, Mrs. James	Ohio,	1821	1821
Kidney, George H.	New York,	1827	1847
Kidney, Mrs. Virginia E.	Ohio,	1839	1839

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Kimberley, David H.	England,	1842	1847
King, Wm. H.	England,	1847	1851
King, Wm.	England,	1817	1851
Kingsbury, James W.	Ohio,	1813	1813	1881
Kingsett, John	1830	1841
Lamb, Mrs. D. H.	Massachusetts,	1802	1837	1885
Lathrop, C. L.	Connecticut,	1804	1831
Lathrop, W. A.	New Hampshire,	1813	1816
Lawrence, O. C.	Ohio,	1823	1827
Layman, J. J.	Ohio,
Layman, S. H.	Ohio,	1819	1831
Leavitt, Charles	New York,	1815	1833
Leavitt, Mrs. Charles	Maryland,	1819	1832
Lee, Mrs. Ellen L.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Leggett, M. D.	New York,	1821	1836
Leland, Jackson M.	Massachusetts,	1818	1843
Lemen, Catharine	Ohio,	1811	1815	1884
Leonard, Jarvis	Vermont,	1810	1834
Lewis, Chittenden	New York,	1800	1837	1886
Lewis, Edward	England,	1819	1841
Lewis, Mrs. Edward	England,	1819	1841	1891
Lewis, G. F.	New York,	1822	1837
Lewis, Sanford J.	New York,	1823	1837	1882
Lloyd, Margaret	Isle of Man,	1815	1822	1890
Long, John	England,	1810	1842
Lowe, John K.	England,	1826	1836
Lowe, Thomas	England,	1830	1836
Lowman, Jacob	Maryland,	1810	1832	1881
Lyon, Mrs. C. P.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Lyon, Henry	New York,	1827	1837
Lyon, R. T.	Illinois,	1819	1824
Lyon, S. S.	Connecticut,	1817	1818
Lyon, Mrs. S. S.	Ohio,	1822	1822	1889

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Lyon, W. A.	New York,	1815	1835
Mackenzie, C. S.	Maryland,	1809	1836
Madison, Wm. A.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Mallory, Daniel	New York,	1801	1833
Marble, Henry	Vermont,	1811	1832
Marble, Levi	New York,	1826	1830	1889
Marshall, Daniel	New York,	1824	1841
Marshall, Mrs. Daniel	Vermont,	1830	1841
Marshall, George F.	New York,	1817	1836
Marshall, Mrs. George F.	New York,	1818	1842
Marshall, I. H.	Ohio,	1822	1822
Marshall, John	England,	1820	1844	1890
Martin, Wm. B.	Vermont,	1820	1833
Martyn, Eleanor L.	England,	1826	1832
Masters, Thomas D.	New York,	1802	1823
Mather, Samuel H.	New Hampshire,	1813	1835
McCononghey, Mrs. S. P.	Ohio,	1837	1837
McCrosky, Mrs. S. L. B.	Ohio,	1833	1833
McFarland, D.	Ireland,	1818	1837
McIlrath, Alex.	Ohio,	1816	1816	1887
McIlrath, M. S.	New Jersey,	1805	1817
McIlrath, O. P.	Ohio,	1842	1842
McIntosh, Alexander	Scotland,	1808	1836	1883
McIntosh, Mrs. Alexander	Scotland,	1809	1836
McIntosh, H. P.	Ohio,	1846	1846
McKinstry, J. P.	Ohio,	1842	1842
McLeod, H. N.	Canada,	1831	1837	1886
McReynolds, Rev. A.	Ireland,	1805	1842	1885
Medary, Mrs. M. L.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Meeker, S. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Merchant, Silas	Ohio,	1826	1826
Merriam, Edward	Connecticut,	1819	1820
Merwin, George B.	Connecticut,	1809	1816	1888
Merwin, Mrs. G. B.	New York,	1818	1819	1890

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Messer, John	Germany,	1822	1840
Messer, Mrs. John	Germany,	1820	1836	1888
Meyer, Nicholas	Germany,	1809	1834	1885
Miles, Mrs. E.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Miles, Mrs. S. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Miller, Mrs. August A.	New York,	1835	1844
Miller, Mrs. M.	Ohio,	1809	1820
Miller, Wm. L.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Minor, Marion	New York,	1825	1831
Moreau, Louis	New York,	1829	1846	1889
Morgan, A W.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Morgan, Mrs. A. W.	Ohio,	1821	1821	1890
Morgan, Caleb	Connecticut,	1799	1811	1885
Morgan, Mrs. Caleb	New York,	1816	1832
Morgan, E. P.	Connecticut,	1807	1840	1888
Morgan, H. L.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Morgan, Mrs. H. L.	Massachusetts,	1820	1833
Morgan, Isham A.	Connecticut,	1809	1811	1891
Morgan, Mrs. I. A.	Connecticut,	1815	1825
Morgan, M. J.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Morgan, Mrs. N. G.	Ohio,	1815	1818
Morgan, Sarah H.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Morgan, Y. L.	Connecticut,	1797	1811	1888
Morgan, Mrs. Y. L.	Connecticut,	1809	1827
Morley, J. H.	New York,	1820	1832
Morrill, Eliza	Vermont,	1811	1834
Morris, John	Wales,	1814	1842
Moses, Luther	Ohio,	1810	1810
Moses, Mary A.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Murphy, William	Ireland,	1810	1830
Mygatt, George	Connecticut,	1797	1807	1885
Neff, Melchor	Germany,	1826	1834
Nelson, Moses	Ohio,	1833	1833
Nelson, Sumner W.	Massachusetts,	1823	1834

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Newmark, S.	Bavaria,	1816	1839
Nickerson, D. P.	Massachusetts,	1808	1835
Norton, Mrs. A. H.	New York,	1803	1840
Norton, Charles H.	New York,	1805	1838	1881
Norton, Mrs. Caroline H.	Ohio,	1820	1820	1891
Nott, C. C.	Connecticut,	1826	1835
O'Brien, Delia R.	Vermont,	1813	1817	1882
O'Brien, O. D.	Ohio,	1819	1819
O'Brien, Sylvia M.	Vermont,	1815	1817
O'Connor, Mrs. Anna S.	Ohio,	1845	1845
O'Connor, R.	Ohio,	1824	1824	1884
Odell, Jay	New York,	1819	1828
Ogram, J. W.	England,	1820	1832
Ogram, Mrs. J. W.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Outhwaite, Mrs. Jno.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Oviatt, Schuyler R.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Paddock, Thomas S.	New York,	1814	1836	1891
Paine, Robert F.	New York,	1810	1815	1888
Palmer, E. W.	New York,	1820	1841
Palmer, J. Dwight	Connecticut,	1831	1835
Palmer, Lucinda	1822	1830
Palmer, Sophia E.	Ohio,	1818	1818	1889
Pankhurst, Mrs. Sarah	England,	1812	1835
Pannell, James	New York,	1812	1832	1888
Pannell, Mrs. James	Massachusetts,	1813	1835	1890
Pape, Mrs. Elizabeth	England,	1840	1850
Parker, Henry	Ohio,	1824	1829
Parker, Mrs. Henry	Ohio,	1824	1824
Parker, Mrs. L. E.	Ohio,	1809	1809
Parker, M. C.	Connecticut,	1820	1839	1887
Parmelee, Edward C.	New Hampshire,	1826	1828
Parmelee, Mrs. E. C.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Parsons, Richard C.	Connecticut,	1826	1846
Payne, Henry B.	New York,	1810	1833

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Payne, Mrs. Henry B.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Payne, Nathan P.	Ohio,	1837	1837	1885
Pearse, Benjamin	Rhode Island,	1813	1839
Pease, Charles	Ohio,	1811	1811
Pease, Mary E.	Connecticut,	1816	1823	1891
Pease, Melissa	Ohio,	1816	1816
Pease, Samuel	Massachusetts,	1805	1828
Pelton, Mrs. A. C. Doan	Ohio,	1825	1825
Pelton, F. W.	Connecticut,	1827	1835
Penty, Thomas	England,	1820	1829
Peterson, A. G.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Pettengill, Mrs. A. L.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Phillips, B. F.	Ohio,	1832	1833
Phillips, Mrs. B. F.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Phillips, Mrs. Emily	Ohio,	1809	1809
Pier, Mrs. Loretta J.	Ohio,	1823	1823	1891
Piper, A. J.	Vermont,	1814	1839
Pollock, John	Ohio,	1840	1840
Pollock, Mrs. John	Ohio,	1840	1840
Pope, William	Scotland,	1826	1837	1887
Porter, L. G.	Massachusetts,	1806	1826
Post, Nathan L.	New York,	1832	1847
Prall, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ohio	1849	1849
Prentiss, Luther R.	New Hampshire,	1803	1820
Prescott, James S.	Massachusetts,	1802	1826	1888
Preston, Mrs. C. M.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Prosser, Rev. Dillon	New York,	1813	1832
Proudfoot, D.	Scotland,	1809	1832	1884
Proudfoot, John	Scotland,	1802	1842	1888
Quayle, G. L.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Quayle, Thos.	Isle of Man,	1811	1827
Quayle, Thos. E.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Quayle, W. H.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Quinn, Arthur	Ireland,	1810	1832	1883

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Radeliff, Mary A.	Isle of Man,	1822	1826	1890
Ranney, Mrs. Annie	New York,	1811	1834
Ranney, Rufus P.	Massachusetts,	1813	1824
Ranney, W. S.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Ransom, C. S.	New York,	1810	1846	1888
Ransom, Mrs. C. S.	New York,	1810	1846
Rathburne, Geo. S.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Raymond, H. N.	Connecticut,	1835	1836
Redington, Mrs. C.	New York,	1821	1839
Redington, J. A.	New York,	1818	1839
Rees, Mrs. Elvira	New York,	1834	1835
Remington, S. G.	New York,	1828	1834
Repp, Philip H.	Germany,	1830	1840
Rhodes, Chas. L.	Vermont,	1809	1834
Rhodes, Mrs. Charles L.	Ohio,	1826	1826
Rice, Harvey	Massachusetts,	1800	1824
Rice, Mrs. Harvey	Vermont,	1812	1833	1889
Rice, Percy W.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Robinson, N.	Ohio,	1817	1817
Robison, J. P.	New York,	1811	1832	1889
Roeder, Charles J.	Germany,	1819	1839
Rogers, C. C.	Ireland,	1813	1839	1888
Root, Ralph R.	New York,	1823	1835	1889
Root, Mrs. Ralph R.	New York,	1838	1844
Ross, Mrs. Emeline	Connecticut,	1810	1814
Rousch, Julia	1837	1837
Rouse, B. F.	Massachusetts,	1824	1830	1887
Rouse, Rebecca E.	Massachusetts,	1799	1830	1887
Rowley, Lucy A.	Connecticut,	1805	1827
Rumage, Mrs. Eliza J.	New York,	1825	1833
Ruple, Mrs. Anna	Ohio,	1814	1814
Ruple, James R.	Ohio,	1810	1810
Ruple, Mrs. James R.	Ohio,	1814	1814
Ruple, S. D.	Ohio,	1808	1808	1886

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Russell, C. L.	New York,	1810	1835
Russell, Mrs. C. L.	New York,	1822	1835
Russell, George H.	New York,	1817	1834	1888
Ryder, James F.	New York,	1826	1850
Ryder, Mrs. J. F.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Sabin, Julia Sophia	New York,	1843	1846
Sabin, William	New York,	1817	1839
Sabin, Mrs. William	New York,	1821	1838
Sacket, Alex.	Pennsylvania,	1814	1835	1884
Sacket, Mrs. Alex.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Sanderson, Robert	Ireland,	1811	1834
Sanford, A. S.	Connecticut,	1805	1829	1888
Sanford, Mrs. A. S.	Rhode Island,	1802	1825	1890
Sargent, Chas. H.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Sargent, John H.	New York,	1814	1818
Sargent, Mrs. Julia A.	Michigan,	1827	1828
Saxton, Mrs. E. A.	Maine,	1821	1833
Saxton, J. C.	Vermont,	1812	1818
Saxton, Miss Mary	Ohio,	1828
Scheutthelm, John	Germany,	1822	1840	1888
Schiely, Mrs. Anna	Germany,	1815	1832
Shrink, John	Prussia,	1821	1835
Scovill, Edward A.	Ohio,	1819	1819	1890
Scovill, Mrs. J. Bixbe	Ohio,	1800	1816	1888
Scovill, Oliver C.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Selden, C. A.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Selden, Mrs. Elizabeth	Ohio,	1819	1819
Selden, Mrs. Julia A.	New Hampshire,	1808	1819	1890
Selden, N. D.	Connecticut,	1815	1831	1886
Severance, Mrs. Mary, H.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Severance, S. L.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Sexton, Mrs. D. L.	New Jersey,	1811	1831
Shanklin, Mrs. Stella E.	Ohio,	1850	1850
Sharp, Clayton	Ohio,	1811	1833

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Sheldon, S. H.	New York,	1813	1835	1884
Shelley, John	England,	1815	1835	1889
Shepard, David A.	Connecticut,	1810	1833	1889
Shepard, Phineas	Pennsylvania,	1800	1815
Shepard, Mrs. Wm.	Vermont,	1828	1835
Sherwin, Ahimaaz	Vermont,	1792	1818	1881
Sherwin, Mrs. A.	New York,	1828	1828
Sherwin, Mrs. S. M.	New York,	1809	1827	1886
Sherwood, Orasmus	New York,	1815	1817
Shipherd, Wm. C.	New York,	1829	1833
Shipperd, John J.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Short, David	Connecticut,	1818	1827
Short, Helen	New Hampshire,	1811	1828
Short, Lewis	Connecticut,	1811	1827
Silberg, F.	Germany,	1804	1834	1888
Silverthorne, J. H.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Silverthorne, Mrs. J. H.	Vermont,	1832	1839	1888
Simmonds, Wm. R.	New York,	1816	1830
Simmonds, Mrs. W. R.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Simmons, Isaac B.	New York,	1806	1836
Simmons, Thomas	Ohio,	1832	1832
Simmons, Mrs. Thos.	New York,	1834	1835
Simmons, J. B.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Sked, W. V.	England,	1816	1833	1888
Skinner, O. B.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Slade, Horatio	England,	1827	1834	1882
Slade, Samantha Doan	Ohio,	1817	1817	1890
Slawson, J. L.	Michigan,	1806	1812
Smith, Anson	Connecticut,	1795	1836	1891
Smith, Elijah	Connecticut,	1821	1832
Smith, Erastus	Connecticut,	1790	1832	1881
Smith, James	England,	1813	1850
Smith, J. B.	Vermont,	1818	1842
Smith, Mrs. J. B.	Ohio,	1822	1822

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Smith, Mary L.	New York,	1817	1841
Smith, Patrick	Ireland,	1827	1836
Smith, Mrs. P.	New York,	1829	1837
Smith, R. C.	Vermont,	1827	1835
Smith, Wm. T.	New York,	1811	1836	1888
Smith, Mrs. Wm. T.	Connecticut,	1814	1836
Smithnight, Louis	Germany,	1832	1849
Smithnight, Mrs. Louis	Ohio,	1837	1837
Smyth, Mrs. Wm.	Connecticut,	1811	1836
Snow, Mrs. A. M.	Ohio,	1825	1825	1889
Sorter, C. N.	New York,	1812	1831
Sorter, Harry	New York,	1820	1831
Southern, L. M.	New York,	1836	1839
Southworth, Mrs. E.	Connecticut,	1801	1819	1888
Southworth, W. P.	Connecticut,	1819	1836
Spalding, Rufus P.	Massachusetts,	1798	1820	1886
Spangler, Mrs. D. A.	Canada,	1820	1835
Spangler, Mrs. Elizabeth	Maryland,	1790	1820	1880
Spangler, George M.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Spangler, M. M.	Ohio,	1813	1820
Spayth, A.	Germany,	1800	1832
Spencer, T. P.	Connecticut,	1811	1832	1885
Sprague, Mrs. H. I.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Spring, E. V.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Spring, V.	Massachusetts,	1799	1817	1889
Staats, Mrs. Elizabeth	Ohio,	1821	1821	1888
Standart, Alice L.	Michigan,	1826	1828
Stanley, George A.	Connecticut,	1818	1837	1883
Starkweather, Mrs. Samuel	Connecticut,	1810	1825
Starkweather, W. J.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Stearns, Chas. W.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Stein, J.	Bohemia,	1823	1848
Stein, S.	Bohemia,	1823	1848
Stein, B.	Ohio,	1842	1842

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Stephenson, Wm.	Pennsylvania,	1804	1833
Sterling, Dr. Elisha	Connecticut,	1825	1827	1890
Stevens, C. C.	Maine,	1819	1833
Stewart, C. C.	Connecticut,	1817	1836
Stewart, J. S.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Stickney, Carver	New York,	1820	1836
Stickney, Mrs. C. B.	Canada,	1836	1836
Stickney, Hamilton	New York,	1824	1830
Stiles, Lawson A.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Stiles, Mrs. Laura A.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Stillman, W. H.	Connecticut,	1808	1812
Stockly, Geo. W.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Streator, W. S.	New York,	1816	1817
Strickland, Benjamin	Vermont,	1810	1835	1889
Strickland, Mrs. Hannah W.	Ohio,	1812	1834	1889
Strong, Charles H.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Strong, Homer	Connecticut,	1811	1836	1884
Suhr, Charles A.	Germany,	1824	1848	1890
Taylor, Charles W.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Taylor, Mrs. Chas.
Taylor, Daniel R.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Taylor, Harvey	Ohio,	1814	1814	1880
Taylor, James	Ohio,	1814	1814
Taylor, Robert	England,	1820	1848
Taylor, V. C.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Teachout, Abraham	New York,	1817	1817
Thatcher, Mrs. Peter	Massachusetts,	1820	1850
Thomas, Jefferson	Ohio,	1809	1809	1885
Thomas, John L.	Massachusetts,	1805	1837
Thomas, Charles	Vermont,	1829	1846
Thomas, Mrs. Chas.	Vermont,	1832	1846
Thompson, H. V.	New York,	1816	1839
Thompson, Mrs. H. V.	Vermont,	1823	1837
Thompson, Harriet Thorpe	Ohio,	1835	1835

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Thompson, Thomas	England,	1814	1836	1884
Thorpe, Cornelius	Pennsylvania,	1797	1811	1887
Tilden, Daniel R.	Connecticut,	1806	1828	1890
Tompkins, Wm.	England,	1816	1842
Towner, Mrs. Kate D.	New York,	1820	1837
Towner, William	England,	1820	1837
Townsend, H. G.	New York,	1812	1834	1885
Truscott, Samuel	Canada,	1830	1839
Turner, Almon P.	Vermont,	1807	1818	1886
Turner, S. W.	Connecticut,	1813	1832
Turney, Joseph	Dublin,	1825	1834
Turney, Mrs. Joseph	New York,	1828	1830
Tuttle, Wm. H.	Connecticut,	1818	1819
Tylee, Mrs. M. B.	New York,	1829	1845
Umbstaetter, Louis	Germany,	1812	1833	1888
Urban, J. P.	Germany,	1839	1846
Varian, Miss Sarah	Pennsylvania,	1825	1846
Vincent, John A.	Pennsylvania,	1807	1839	1888
Vogt, John J.	Germany,	1837	1846
Wackerman, Wendell	Germany,	1817	1833	1891
Wade, James	New York,	1824	1843
Wadsworth, Mary York	England,	1793	1836	1886
Wadsworth, W. B.	England,	1818	1836
Wager, A. M.	New York,	1818	1819
Wager, I. D.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Wagner, F.	Germany,	1825	1842
Wagner, J. C.	Germany,	1829	1842
Wagner, Mrs. J. C.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Wagner, William	Germany,	1831	1842
Walters, B. C.	New York,	1807	1837	1888
Walters, John R.	New York,	1811	1834	1886
Walworth, John	Ohio,	1821	1821
Walworth, A. D.	New York,	1825	1838
Walworth, Warren F.	New York,	1838	1838

Name.	Where Born.	When	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Ward, E. M.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Ward, Mrs. E. M.	New York,	1832	1840
Warner, W. J.	Vermont,	1808	1831	1883
Warren, Mrs. J. W.	New York,	1816	1817	1884
Warren, Moses	New Hampshire,	1803	1815
Warren, Mrs. Wm. H.	New York,	1819	1833
Waterman, Wm.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Watkins, George	Connecticut,	1812	1818
Watterson, John T.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Watterson, Mrs. M.	New York,	1828	1829
Watterson, Moses G.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Way, Mrs. Huldah P.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Weidenkopf, Mrs. Celia K.	Germany,	1832	1838
Weidenkopf, Mr. F.	Germany,	1819	1837	1884
Weidenkopf, Jacob	Germany,	1828	1837	1890
Weidenkopf, Mrs. O.	Alsace,	1819	1830
Weiner, Margaret	Germany,	1815	1848
Welch, James S.	Ohio,	1821	1821	1885
Welch, John	New York,	1800	1825	1887
Welch, O. F.	Ohio,	1817	1817
Wellstead, Joseph	England,	1817	1837
Welton, Mrs. F. J.	Vermont,	1817	1836
Welton, Isaac T.	Connecticut,	1803	1813
Wemple, Andrew	Ohio,	1825	1825
Wemple, Mrs. Andrew	Ohio,	1827	1827
Wemple, Myndret H.	New York,	1796	1818	1886
Wenham, Robert G.	England,	1823	1832
Wentworth, N.	Vermont,	1844
Weston, George	Ohio,	1819	1819
Weston, George B.	Massachusetts,	1805	1826
Wheller, Benjamin S.	England,	1805	1836
Wheller, Jane	England,	1800	1831	1886
Whipple, R. B.	New York,	1815	1844
Whitaker, Charles	New York,	1817	1831	1889

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
White, Charles M.	Ohio,	1829	1829
White, Henry C.	Ohio,	1838	1838
White, John S.	New York,	1825	1837
White, Moses	Massachusetts,	1791	1816	1881
Whitelaw, George	Scotland,	1808	1832
Whitelaw, John	Ohio,	1831	1831
Whittlesey, H. S.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Wick, C. C.	Ohio,	1813	1835	1882
Wick, Henry	Ohio,	1807	1807
Wick, Mrs. Henry	Ohio,	1809	1809
Wicken, John	England,	1809	1829
Wightman, David L.	Ohio,	1817	1817	1887
Wightman, Mrs. David L.	Ohio,	1822	1822
Wightman, John J.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Wightman, S. H.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Wightman, Mrs. Sarah L.	Ohio,	1824	1824
Wilcox, Norman	Connecticut,	1790	1827	1886
Williams, Andrew J.	New York,	1829	1840
Williams, Mrs. A. J.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Williams, Benajah	New York,	1820	1840	1890
Williams, Mrs. B.	Massachusetts,	1830	1838
Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth	New York,	1811	1833
Williams, George	Connecticut,	1799	1811	1890
Williams, John	England,	1817	1832	1888
Williams, William	Connecticut,	1803	1811	1888
Williamson, Samuel	Pennsylvania,	1808	1810	1884
Williamson, Mrs. Samuel	New York,	1814	1843
Williard, Mrs. Ruth Day	Ohio,	1832	1832
Wilson, Fred.	New York,	1807	1832
Wilson, Mrs. Hiram V.	Michigan,	1802	1835	1884
Wilson, James T.	Ohio,	1828	1828	1886
Wilson, William	Ohio,	1819	1819
Winch, Thomas	New York,	1806	1831	1886
Winslow, E. N.	North Carolina,	1824	1830
Wood, Mrs. D. L.	Michigan,	1821	1840
Wood, H. B.	New York,	1813	1817
Woodbury, M. H.	Ohio,	1811	1811
Wright, James	Scotland,	1820	1837
Wright, John	New York,	1817	1834
Wyman, Mrs. C. E.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Younglove, M. C.	New York,	1812	1836

SUMMARY.

Total number of Members.....	945
Died.....	275
Living.....	670

Omission.—John Beverlin died 1891.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

- BEEBE, LAUREL.—Born in Connecticut, 1809; came to the Reserve, 1818; home at Ridgeville, O.
- BISSELL, REV. SAMUEL.—Born in Massachusetts, 1797; came to the Reserve, 1806; home at Twinsburg, O.
- BOLLES, REV. DR. JAMES A.—Born in Connecticut, 1810; came to the Reserve, 1854; home at Cleveland, O.
- BRIGGS, JAMES A.—Born in New York, 1811; came to Ohio, 1832; lived in Cleveland from 1834 to 1857; home at Brooklyn, N. Y.; died, 1889.
- BRONSON, REV. SHERLOCK AARON, D.D., LL.D.—Born in Connecticut, 1807; came to the Reserve, 1807, an infant in the arms of his mother; home at Mansfield, O.; died, 1890.
- CROSBY, CHAS.—Born in Massachusetts, 1801; came to the Reserve, 1832; home in Chicago, Ill.; died, 1885.
- EDWARDS, HON. JNO. M.—Born in Connecticut, 1805; came to the Reserve, 1832; home in Youngstown, O.; died, 1887.
- GARFIELD, MRS. ELIZA B.—Mother of the late President Garfield; born in Connecticut, 1801; came to the Reserve, 1830; home at Mentor, O.; died 1887.
- GARFIELD, JAMES A.—Late President of the United States; born at Orange, O., 1831; came to Western Reserve, 1831; died, 1881; home at Mentor, O.
- GARFIELD, MRS. LUCRETIA R.—Wife of late President Garfield; born in Ohio in 1832; came to the Reserve, 1832, home in Mentor, O.
- GREEN, REV. ALMON B.—Born in Connecticut, 1808; came to the Reserve, 1810; home in East Cleveland, O.; died, 1886.

- HANNA, MRS. S. M.—Born in Vermont in 1813; came to the Reserve in 1824; home at Cleveland, O.
- HOADLEY, GEORGE.—Ex-Governor of Ohio; born in Connecticut, 1826; came to the Reserve, 1830; home, city of New York.
- JONES, REV. J. H.
- KENT, MARVIN.—Born in Ohio, 1816; came to the Reserve in 1816; home at Kent, O.
- O'BRIEN, HON. W. L.—Born in Ohio, 1826; came to the Reserve, 1826; home at Cincinnati, O.
- PUNDERSON, DANIEL.—Born in Ohio, 1814; came to the Reserve, 1814; home at Newbury, O.
- REEVE, DR. JOHN C.—Born in England, 1826; came to Ohio, in 1832; home at Dayton, O.
- RIDDLE, HON. A. G.—Born in Massachusetts, 1816; came to the Reserve, 1817; home in Washington, D. C.
- TAYLOR, HON. LESTER.—Born in Connecticut, 1798; came to the Reserve in 1819; home at Claridon, O.
- TAYLOR, ROYAL.—Born in Massachusetts, 1800; came to the Reserve in 1807; home at Ravenna, O.
- THURMAN, ALLAN G.—Born in Virginia, 1813; came to Ohio, 1819; home at Columbus, O.
- WILLEY, MRS. ALMIRA.—Born in Massachusetts, 1803; came to the Reserve, 1808; home at Ashtabula, O.
- WOOD, MRS. MARY.—Wife of the late Governor Wood; born in Vermont, 1798; came to the Reserve, 1818; home at Rockport, O.; died, 1886.
- YOUNGS, MRS. LYDIA O'BRIEN.—Born in Vermont in 1800; came to the Reserve in 1817; home at Stillman Valley, Ill.

Total.....	25
Died.....	8
Living.....	17

CONSTITUTION.

AS AMENDED AT THE ANNUAL MEETINGS OF 1883 AND 1890.

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be known as "THE EARLY SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF CUYAHOGA COUNTY," and its members shall consist of such persons as have resided in the Western Reserve at least forty years, and are citizens of Cuyahoga county, and who shall subscribe to this Constitution and pay a membership fee of one dollar, but shall not be subject to further liability, except that after one year from the payment of such membership fee, a contribution of one dollar will be expected from each member who is able to contribute the same, to be paid to the Treasurer at every annual reunion of the Association, and applied in defraying necessary expenses.

ARTICLE II.

The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer, with the addition of an Executive Committee of not less than five persons, all of which officers shall be members of the Association and hold their offices for one year, and until their successors are duly appointed and they accept their appointments.

ARTICLE III.

The object of the Association shall be to meet in convention on the twenty-second of July, or the following day if the twenty-second fall on Sunday, each and every year, for the purpose of commemorating the day with appropriate public exercises, and bringing the members into more intimate social relations, and collecting all such facts, incidents, relics and personal reminiscences respecting the early history and settlement of the county and other parts of the Western Reserve as may be regarded of permanent value, and transferring the same to the Western Reserve Historical Society for preservation; and also for the further purpose of electing officers and transacting such other business of the Association as may be required.

ARTICLE IV.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at public meetings of the Association, and in his absence the like duty shall devolve upon one of the Vice-Presidents. The Secretary shall record in a book provided for the purpose the proceedings of the Association, the names of the members in alphabetical order, with the ages and time of residence at the date of becoming members, and conduct the necessary correspondence of the Association. He shall also be regarded as an additional member, *ex officio*, of the Executive Committee, and may consult with them, but have no vote. The Treasurer shall receive and pay out all moneys belonging to the Association; but no moneys shall be paid out except on the joint order of the Chairman of the Executive Committee and Secretary of the Association. No debt shall be incurred against the Association by any officer or member beyond its ready means of payment.

ARTICLE V.

The Executive Committee shall have the general supervision and direction of the affairs of the Association, designate the hour and place of holding its annual meetings, and publish due notice thereof, with a programme of exercises. The Committee shall have power

to fill vacancies that may occur in their own body or in any other office of the Association, until the Association, at a regular meeting, shall fill the same, and shall appoint such number of subordinate committees as they may deem expedient. It shall also be their duty to report to the Association, at its regular annual meetings, the condition of its affairs, its success and prospects, with such other matter as they may deem important. They shall also see that the annual proceedings of the Association, including such other valuable information as they may have received, are properly prepared and published in pamphlet form, and gratuitously distributed to the members of the Association as soon as practicable after each annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

At an annual or special meeting of the Association the presence of twenty members shall constitute a quorum. No special meeting shall be held, except for business purposes and on call of the Executive Committee.

All nominations for honorary membership shall be referred for consideration to the Executive Committee, and only upon its favorable report thereon shall final action be taken.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Association, on a three-fourths vote of all the members present, and shall take effect as amended from the date of its adoption.

ERRATA.

On page 307, next before the introduction of Judge Tilden, should have been entered the following:

“On motion of S. E. Adams, Esq., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Hon. Harvey Rice.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. A. Harris and Hon. John Hutchins.

Secretary, Thomas Jones, Jr.

Treasurer, Solon Burgess.

Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Corlett.

Marshal, H. M. Addison.

Executive Committee, Hon. A. J. Williams, R. T. Lyon, Darius Adams, John H. Sargent, W. S. Kerruish, Wilson S. Dodge, Solon Burgess.”

On page 582, the heading of the list of members should show a total to September 1, 1891, of 945, instead of 893.

INDEX

TO VOL. 2, BEING OF ANNALS FROM 1886 TO 1891 INCLUSIVE.

Adams, Darius—Elected to Executive Committee..	12, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Adams, Samuel E.—Resolutions by.....	24, 119
Motion by.....	211
Remarks by, in regard to D. L. Wightman.....	120
Address at unveiling of Cleaveland Statue.....	220
Nominates W. L. O'Brien as honorary member...	304
Address—Reminiscences.....	531
Addison, H. M.—Song by.....	29
Elected Marshal.....	119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Anecdotes of Early Settlers, by.....	124
Nominates Rev. S. C. Bronson as Honorary Member	304
<i>Allegheny</i> —Memorable Voyage of.....	363
Allen, Hon. John W.—Resignation as Vice-President.....	11
Sketch of.....	278
Akins, Q. F.—Interesting letter from.....	255
Babcock, Hon. B. D.—An address of, at unveiling of Moses Cleave- land Statue.....	219
Bacon, Richard, Jr., Banjo Club.....	513
Bailey, Robert—Sketch of.....	461
Baker, Mrs. D. A.—Experience with a Thunderbolt..	580
Baldwin, Dudley—Appointed on Committee.....	11
Baldwin, Mrs. Maria—Interview with.....	239
Baldwin, Norman C.—Sketch of.....	159
Banjo Club.....	513
Bates, Rev. Dr. C. S.—Remarks by.....	334, 514
Beebe, Laurel—Remarks by.....	138
Letter from.....	552
Bingham, Thankful C.—Sketch of.....	559
Bissell, Rev. Samuel—Address by.....	327, 514

Bolles, Rev. Dr. James A.—Sketch of Caleb S. Butts, by.....	370
Address by.....	427
Boyle, James—Notice of.....	467
Brainard, H. B.—Letter from.....	360
Brainard, Mrs. Maria L.—Sketch of N. C. Hills by.....	555
Briggs, Hon. James A.—Elected Honorary Member.....	139
Letter from.....	146
Sketch of.....	372
Bronson, Rev. S. A.—Elected Honorary Member.....	304
Address by.....	347
Burgess, Solon (Treasurer)—Report by.....9, 115, 208, 304, 394 (XI.),	520
Elected Treasurer... 11, 119, 212, 394 (XI.),	521
Elected member of Executive Committee.....12, 119, 212, 394 (XI.),	521
Burton, Rev. Lewis, D. D.—Elected Chaplain.....	521
Butts, Caleb S.—Sketch of.....	370
Butts, F. Worthington—Banjo Club.....	513
Cadwell, Hon. Darius—Address by.....	212
Cahoon Family—.....	574
Calkins, C. G.—Recollections of Rocky River, by.....234,	354
Cannell, Thomas—Sketch of.....	154
Carpenter, Jonas—Oldest man in America.....	575
Chapman, Elizabeth Harris—Sketch of.....	158
Chapman, George L.—Sketch of.....	444
Cleveland—Early Settlement of.....	12
Time's Changes in.....	165
Early Fire Department in.....	241
Cleveland Grays—Association Escorted by.....	215
Cleaveland, General Moses—Unveiling of Statue of.....	215
Cost of Statue of.....	292
Grave of.....	581
Coakley, Mrs. Harriet Doan—Sketch of.....	152
Constitution of Association.....	613
Amendment of.....393 (XI.)	—
Corlett, Thomas (chaplain)—Elected Chaplain.....11, 119,	212
Report by.....8, 114, 206,	305
Sketch of.....	374
Cowles, Edwin—Sketch of.....	447
Cross, David W.—Sketch of.....	572
Currie, Catherine—Sketch of.....	444
Davis, Lewis Lodowick—Sketch of.....	150

Dibble, Captain Lewis—Personal Statement by.....	48
Sketch of.....	566
Doan, W. H.—Sketch of.....	395 (Xl.)
Doane, John—Narration by.....	58
Dodge, General H. H.—Resolution by.....	10
Sketch of.....	369
Dodge, Wilson S.—Elected member of Executive Com- mittee.....	12, 119, 212, 394 (Xl.), 521
Dunham, David B.—Sketch of.....	164
Early Days—By Geo. Watkins.....	14
Early Settlers—By H. M. Addison.....	124
Edwards, Rudolphus—Sketch of.....	465
Ely, Mrs. Alfred—Reminiscences by.....	269
Emerson, Oliver—Sketch of.....	434
Executive Committee—Annual Reports by...9, 116, 209, 302, 392 (Xl.),	518
Report on cost of Cleaveland Statue.....	292
Ferris, William—Sketch of.....	452
Fitch, Jabez—Sketch of.....	153
Foote, Hon. John A.—Motions by.....	11, 114
Appointed on Committee.....	11
Sketch of.....	568
Gage, D. W.—Remarks by.....	337
Gardner, Hon. George W.—Voyage of the <i>Allegheny</i> , by.....	363
Gaylord, Mrs. Erastus F.—Interviewed.....	45
Sketch of.....	280
Germania Orchestra—Music by.....	5, 212, 295, 307, 385
Graham, A. A.—Address by.....	62
Gray's, Cleveland—Escort by.....	215
Griffith, John H.—Singing by.....	340, 385
Hanna, Mrs. L. M.—Elected Honorary Member.....	304
Harbeck, John S.—Sketch of.....	371
Harris, Mrs. J. A.—Elected Vice-President.....	11, 119, 212, 394 (Xl.), 521
Motion by.....	139
Hawkins, Henry C.—Elected Secretary.....	521
Hickox, Charles—Sketch of.....	453
Hills, N. C.—Sketch of.....	555
Hinsdale, May E.—Sketch of Almon Penfield Turner, by.....	146
Hodgman, R. N.—Sketch of Oliver Emerson, by.....	434
Honorary Membership—Nominations for, to be referred to Executive Committee.....	304
Hubbell, Oliver C.—Sketch of.....	453
Hurst, General S. H.—Remarks by.....	137

Hutchins, Hon. John—Elected Vice-President.....	11, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Janes, Julius French—Banjo Club.....	513
Johnson, Levi—Sketch of.....	151
Jones, Rev. J. H.—Remarks by.....	398 (XI.)
Elected Honorary Member.....	521
Jones, Thomas, Jr.—Elected Secretary.....	11, 119, 212, 394 (XI.)
Kelley, Arthur M.—Banjo Club.....	513
Kent, Hon. Marvin—Honorary Member.....	521
Kerruish, W. S.—Elected member of Executive Com- mittee.....	12, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Remarks by.....	335
Sketch of Hon. D. R. Tilden, by.....	399 (XI.)
Kimberly, D. H.—Singing by.....	340, 385
Ladd, Rev. Dr. H. M.—Sketch of W. H. Doan, by.....	395 (XI.)
La Fayette—Recollections of.....	76
Lane, S. A.—Speech by.....	231
Liddicoat, Professor J. G.—Banjo Club.....	513
Lohmann, Mrs.—Thanks to.....	351
Long, Dr. David—Sketch of.....	151
Lovell, John E.—Notice of.....	466
Lunch Tickets—Regulation Regarding.....	303
Lyon, R. T.—Elected to Executive Committee....	12, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Marshall, George F.—Address by.....	241, 308, 412, 536
McCrosky, Mrs. James—A Sketch by.....	251
McIrath, Alexander—Sketch of.....	156
Merwin, George B.—Sketch of.....	459
Moravians in Cuyahoga County.....	298
Morgan, Caleb—Sketch of.....	157
Morgan, Isham A.—Address by.....	12, 406 (XI.)
Morgan, Y. L.—Sketch of.....	283
Mott, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth—Sketch of.....	451
Murphy, Mrs. Kate—Notice of.....	580
Mygatt, Hon. George—Sketch of.....	162
Neerological Report.....	8, 114, 206, 305, 392, 519
Norton, Mrs. A. H.—Recollections of La Fayette.....	76
O'Brien, William L.—Elected Honorary Member.....	304
Ohio's First Century—By A. A. Graham.....	62
Oviatt, Schuyler R.—“Great Sleigh Ride”.....	271
Paddock, Thomas S.—Appointed on Committee.....	11
Paine, George E.—Addresses by.....	24, 130
Painesville—Early Days of.....	24, 130
Palmer, J. Dwight—Singing by.....	340, 385

Pease, Hiram A.—Sketch of.....	455
Photographing Members of Association.....	129
Pierce, Rev. Dr., of Berea—Address by.....	521
Pioneer Life and Its Contrast—Address by J. M. Wilcox.....	29
Putnam, Rev. Albert B.—Elected Chaplain.....	394 (XI.)
Ranney, Hon. R. P.—Remarks by.....	139
Reeve, Dr. John C.—Elected Honorary Member.....	12
Address by.....	22
Remembrances—By William Waterman.....	38
Reports--Executive Committee.....	9, 116, 209, 302, 392 (XI.), 518
Necrological.....	8, 114, 206, 305
Treasurer's.....	9, 115, 208, 304, 394 (XI.), 520
Rice, Hon. Harvey, President—Annual Ad- dresses.....	5, 107, 203, 295, 386 (XI.), 505
Address at Unveiling Cleveland Statue	216
Elected President.....	11, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Resolution Regarding.....	77
Thanks to.....	114
Nominates Mrs. S. M. Hanna to Hon- orary Membership.....	304
Rocky River—Recollections of.....	234, 354
Loss of boat between, and Black River.....	255
Ryder, J. F.—Photographs Members.....	129
Sanford, General A. S.—Sketch of.....	463
Sargent, John H.—Elected to Executive Commit- tee.....	12, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Scovill, Mrs. Philo—Sketch of.....	290
Shelly, John—Sketch of.....	445
Shepherd, John—Sketch of.....	577
Smith, Deacon William T.—Sketch of.....	284
Spalding, Hon. R. P.—Resolution of sympathy for.....	24
Sketch of.....	121
Spencer, T. P.—Sketch of.....	160
Statue of General Moses Cleveland—Unveiling of.....	211
Picture of, facing.....	197
Remarks of Hon. A. J. Williams at Unveiling.....	216
Presentation address by Hon. Harvey Rice.....	216
Response by Mayor B. D. Bab- cock.....	219
Inaugural Address by Hon. S. E. Adams.....	220

Stearns, Mrs. C. W.—Song by.....	432
Sketch of Hiram A. Pease, by.....	455
Sterling, Dr. Elisha—Sketch of.....	564
Strauss, Meyer—Notice of.....	580
Tandy, Professor Rechab—Singing by.....	206, 208, 230, 234
Taylor, John D.—Pioneer Life by.....	435
Taylor, Hon. Lester—Addresses by.....	12, 340, 527
Taylor, Hon. Royal—Letters from.....	143, 274
Made Honorary Member.....	304
Thurman, Hon. Allan G.—Elected Honorary Member.....	12
Tilden, Hon. Daniel R.—Remarks by.....	138, 307
Sketch of.....	399 (XI.)
Time's Changes in Cleveland.....	165
Treasurer's Reports.....	9, 115, 208, 304, 392, 520
Turner, Almon Penfield—Sketch of.....	146
Turney, Hon. Joseph—Addresses by.....	215, 556
Wackerman, Wendell—Sketch of.....	570
Wallace, F. T.—Sketch of Hon. R. P. Spalding, by.....	121
Waterman, William—Remembrances by.....	38
Watkins, George—Early Days by.....	14
Weidenkopf, Captain Jacob—Sketch of.....	573
Welch, John—Sketch of.....	155
Whittlesey, Mrs. Sarah L.—Notice of.....	467
Wightman, David L.—Elected Marshal.....	12
Tribute to memory of.....	119, 139
Wilcox, Mrs. Horace—Notice of.....	467
Wilcox, John M.—Address by.....	29
Wiley, Mrs. Almira—Elected Honorary Member.....	139
Williams, Hon. A. J.—Reports as Chairman of Executive Com- mittee.....	9, 116, 209, 302, 392 (XI.), 518
Elected to Executive Com- mittee.....	12, 119, 212, 394 (XI.), 521
Resolutions by.....	12, 77
Motion by.....	129
Remarks at Unveiling Cleveland Statue.....	216
Reads Annual Address of President Rice.....	203
Nominates Royal Taylor as Honorary Member.....	304
Williams, Benajah—Sketch of.....	457
Wood, Mary, widow of Ex-Governor Wood—Sketch of.....	287
Yongs, Mrs. Lydia O'Brien—Elected Honorary Member.....	12

